

Author, Author

Competition No 137

Readers are invited to identify the source of the three quotations which follow and to send us the answers so that they reach this office not later than September 16. A prize of £10 is offered for the first correct set of answers opened on that date, or failing that the most nearly correct - in which case inspired guesswork will also be taken into consideration.

Entries, marked "Author, Author 137" on the envelope, should be addressed to the Editor, *The Times Literary Supplement*, Priory House, St John's Lane, London EC1M 4BX. The solution and results will appear on September 23.

1 This Poem was chiefly written upon the mountainous ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, among the flowery glades, and thickets of odoriferous blossoming trees, which are extending in ever winding labyrinths upon the immense

platforms and dizzy arches suspended in the sky.

2 We viewed the celebrated Forum. I experienced sublime and melancholy emotions as I thought of all the great affairs which had taken place there, and saw the place now all in ruins, with the wretched huts of carpenters and other artisans occupying the site of that rostrum from which Cicero had flung forth his stunning eloquence.

3 It was among the ruins of the Capitol that I first conceived the idea of a work which has amused and exercised near twenty years of my life.

Competition No 133
Winner: John Lavagnino

Answers:

1 One day the nouns were clustered in the Street.
An Adjective walked by, with her dark beauty.

Fifty years on: Northern influences

The TLS of August 24, 1933 carried the following review of William Craigie's *The Northern Element in English Literature*.

These Alexander Lectures, delivered at the University of Toronto by one of the greatest of living Scottish scholars, discuss what seems at first sight the surprising fact that the specifically "northern" strain in English and even in Lowland Scottish letters is, until modern times, so remarkably slight. Sir William suggests that the cause of this is twofold: on the one hand ignorance, on the other dislike (causes, one might add, which not infrequently reinforce each other in producing the undesirable forms of nationalism). Gaelic and Norse have never been international tongues, as were French and still more Latin until quite lately. (And the late-Imperial horror of the North probably influenced later Latin tradition - not inexplicably in Scotland, where even into the later thirteenth century Scandinavia was as great a menace as England.) In England the nearer North was no less unpopular, for reasons that

are obvious: a little country that refused to be conquered must have a "devilish disposition" not to "love or favour an Englishman."

It is not until the late sixteenth century that this attitude begins to show a change. Sir William dates it from the success of the English edition of Gavin Douglas (1554), who as uncle-in-law of an English princess might be considered certified as respectable. He might perhaps have taken into account the influence of the Succession Question in giving topical interest to the Scots-Latin historians, whose English translations were a good deal read. The further North began to be studied seriously in the next century, and by the eighteenth Scots and even Scandinavian influence was becoming powerful in England. Percy and Gray and Ramsay in pure letters, Marlowe, Bunyan, and Johnson in prose, Scott, Deane, Schaffer, Scott, and Hornebow in poetry, and the late-Imperial horror of the North probably influenced later Latin tradition - not inexplicably in Scotland, where even into the later thirteenth century Scandinavia was as great a menace as England.) In England the nearer North was no less unpopular, for reasons that

Risorgimento is not mentioned, but it doubtless contributed.

Even in Northern England and Lowland Scotland one finds the earlier literature turning South. It is possible, however, to find there definitely Northern characteristics; but here Sir William comes on more dubious ground. One is surprised that a scholar of such eminence should generalize on early Scots literature to a foreign audience without the warning that, thanks to that country's strange and tragic history, we have only the broken remnants of old Scots culture. Between the late thirteenth century and the Civil War we know of some thirty named authors whose works are completely or almost completely lost; and we cannot infer that they were necessarily insignificant, for the exquisite work of Alexander Scott has come down through the chance survival of one copy, and even Dunbar by scarcely more of a margin. And the statement that "Scottish literature begins with Barbour," though a popular cliché, is not less than startling here.

Among this week's contributors

ROSEMARY ASHTON's book on George Eliot in Oxford University Press's Past Masters series will be published in October.

HUGH BROGAN's *The Times Reports the American Civil War* was published in 1975.

IAN CAMPBELL's most recent book is *Kilgobbin: An assessment*, 1982.

PATRICK CARNEY is the author of *Faust as Musician: A Study of Thomas Mann's Novel 'Doctor Faustus'*, 1973.

NEIL CORCORAN is a lecturer in English at the University of Sheffield.

JIM CRACE's collection of stories, *Continuum*, will be published shortly.

LAWRENCE FREEDMAN is the author of *The Evolution of Nuclear Strategy*, 1982.

RICHARD GREGORY's most recent book is *Mind in Science*, 1981.

JOHN GROSS is the editor of *The Oxford Book of Aphorisms*, 1983.

CHRISTOPHER HARVEY's books include *Scotland and Nationalism: Scottish Society and Politics, 1707-1977*, 1977.

JAMES HUNTER is the author of *The Making of the Crofting Community*, 1976.

ROBERT IRWIN's *The Mameluk Sultanate 1250-1517* will be published later this year.

ANGELA LIVINGSTONE is Reader in Literature at the University of Essex.

JOHN LEVETT's first collection of poems, *Changing Sides*, was published earlier this year.

AVISHAI MARGALIT is Professor of Philosophy at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem.

EDWARD MENDELSON's *Early Auden* was published in 1981. He is Professor of English and Comparative Literature at Columbia University.

ROSALIND MITCHELL is Professor of Social History at the University of Edinburgh.

OSWYN MURRAY is the author of *Early Greece*, 1980.

OTTO PICK is Pro-Vice Chancellor and Professor of International Relations at the University of Surrey.

SIR EDWARD PLAYFAIR was Chairman of the National Gallery from 1972 to 1974.

MICHAEL PODRO's *The Manifold in Perception: Theories of Art from Kant to Hildebrand* was published in 1972.

ROY PORTER's most recent book, *English Society in the Eighteenth Century*, was published last year.

NICHOLAS RESCHER is co-author of *The Logic of Inconsistency: A Study in Non-Standard Possible-World Semantics and Ontology*, 1980.

GRAHAM REYNOLDS's complete catalogue of the work of John Constable, 1817-1837, will be published next year.

MALCOLM SCHOFIELD's *An Essay on Anaxagoras* was published in 1980.

ANNE SMITH's novel, *The Magic Glass*, won the Author's Club Award for first novels in 1982.

F. M. L. THOMPSON is the editor of *The Rise of Suburbia*, 1982.

HUGH TORRENS is a lecturer in Geology at the University of Keele.

P. J. VATHKOTIS's books include *The Modern History of Egypt*, 1969.

DAVID WALKER is Principal Inspector of Historic Buildings, Scotland, and co-author of *The Architecture of Glasgow*, 1968.

MALCOLM YAPP's *Strategies of British India: Iran and Afghanistan 1798-1850* was published in 1980.

TLS

THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

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Robert Wokler on Jean-Jacques Rousseau

Economics and growth

The fictions of Italo Calvino



A study by Balhus for the set of Antonin Artaud's play *The Cenci* (based on Shelley and Stendhal) presented at the Théâtre des Folies Wagram, Paris, 1935; reproduced from Giovanni Carandente's *Balhus: Drawings and Watercolours* (120pp, with 138 illustrations, 27 in colour, Thames and Hudson, £15.00 500 09163 3).

THEATRE

Pat Rogers on John Gay

Stanley Wells, Eric Sams, Inga-Stina Ewbank and P. N. Furbank: Shakespeare and the stage

Simon Gray on reviewers

Versions of Marat Peter Hall and the National
Chekhov's reputation Lennox Robinson

Russell Davies: the Cambridge Footlights

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SEPTEMBER 2 1983

Bibliography 943	Fiction 921, 940
Biography and Memoirs 919-20, 924	German History 942
Commentary 930-31	Philosophy 941
Economics 923	Poetry 922
	Theatre 925-9, 933-9

INDEX OF BOOKS REVIEWED

ADCOCK, FLEUR	<i>Selected Poems</i> [Andrew Motion]	922
ALBISSETTI, JAMES C.	<i>Secondary School Reform in Imperial Germany</i> [Geoffrey G. Field]	942
BENECKE, GERHARD	<i>Maximilian I (1459-1519): An analytical biography</i> [Henry Cohn]	942
BENEDICT, JEAN	<i>Stanislavski: An Introduction</i> [Marcy Kahan]	926
BENTHAM, JEREMY	<i>Deontology, together with a Table of the Springs of Action and the Article on Utilitarianism</i> [D. D. Raphael]	941
BENTHAM, JEREMY	<i>Constitutional Code: Volume I</i> [D. D. Raphael]	941
BROCK, D. HEYWARD	<i>A Ben Jonson Companion</i> [R. V. Holdsworth]	934
BYRON, MICHAEL	<i>Punch in the Italian Puppet Theatre</i> [Masolino d'Amico]	926
CALVINO, ITALO	<i>Adam, One Afternoon. Marcovaldo</i> [Thomas Sutcliffe]	921
COOK, JUDITH	<i>Shakespeare's Plays</i> [Stanley Wells]	935
CRANSTON, MAURICE	<i>Jean-Jacques: The early life and work of Jean-Jacques Rousseau 1712-1754</i> [Robert Wokler]	919
CREAL, MARGARET	<i>The Man Who Sold Prayers</i> [Michael Hofmann]	940
DE GAURY, GERALD	<i>Traces of Travel</i> [Steven Runciman]	924
DUFF, DAVID	<i>George and Elizabeth: A Royal marriage</i> [John Grigg]	924
EMELIANOV, VICTOR (Editor)	<i>Chekhov: The critical heritage</i> [Jennifer Uglow]	928
FAIRFAX-LUCY, ALICE (Editor)	<i>Mistress of Charlecote: The memoirs of Mary Elizabeth Lucy</i> [Ruth Harris]	924
FIELD, LESLIE	<i>Bendor: The Golden Duke of Westminster</i> [E. S. Turner]	924
FRASER, DAVID	<i>August 1988</i> [Colin Greenland]	940
FULLER, JOHN (Editor)	<i>John Gay: Dramatic works</i> [Pat Rogers]	925
GARFITT, J. S. T.	<i>The Work and Thought of Jean Grenier (1898-1971)</i> [John Cruickshank]	920
HARROD, DOMINICK	<i>Making Sense of the Economy</i> [Frances Cairncross]	923
HAWSON, ROBERT	<i>Footlights: A hundred years of Cambridge comedy</i> [Russell Davies]	938
HUBER, MARIE-HÉLÈNE	<i>Rehearsing the Revolution: The staging of Marat's death 1793-1797</i> [John Hope Mason]	926
JARDINE, LISA	<i>Still Harping on Daughters: Women and drama in the age of Shakespeare</i> [Inga-Stina Ewbank]	934
JEAL, TIM	<i>Carnforth's Creation</i> [Adam Mars-Jones]	940
LEIGH, R. A. (Editor)	<i>Correspondance complète de Jean-Jacques Rousseau: Volumes 37-40</i> [Robert Wokler]	919
LORD, GABRIELLE	<i>Tooth and Claw</i> [Brian Morton]	940
MCLEOD, KIRSTY	<i>The Last Summer</i> [Keith Jeffery]	924
MITCHELL, JOHN D.	<i>Theatre: The search for style</i> [Marcy Kahan]	925
MUELLER, DENNIS C. (Editor)	<i>The Political Economy of Growth</i> [T. W. Hutchison]	923
ORRELL, JOHN	<i>The Quest for Shakespeare's Globe</i> [Stanley Wells]	935
PAULIN, TOM	<i>Liberty Tree</i> [Michael O'Neill]	922
PEDICORD, HARRY WILLIAM, and FREDERICK LOUIS BERGMANN (Editors)	<i>The Plays of David Garrick: Garrick's Adaptations of Shakespeare, Volumes 3-4; Garrick's Alterations of Others, Volumes 5-7</i> [Roger Savage]	936
PETERSON, WILLIAM S. (Editor)	<i>The Ideal Book: Essays and lectures on the art of the book by William Morris</i> [Sebastian Carter]	943
POPOV, STEPHAN	<i>Am Ende aller Illusionen: Der Europäische Kulturpessimismus</i> [Daniel Johnson]	942
ROBINSON, LENNOX	<i>Selected Plays. Irish Drama Selections I</i> [Katharine Worth]	929
ROSEN, FREDERICK	<i>Jeremy Bentham and Representative Democracy: A study of the 'Constitutional Code'</i> [D. D. Raphael]	941
ROSENFIELD, SYBIL	<i>Georgian Scene Painters and Scene Painting</i> [Roger Savage]	936
SADLER, AYN (Editor)	<i>The Collected Letters of John Millington Synge</i> [Patricia Craig]	937
SHORE, ROBERT K.	<i>The Analysis of Knowing: A decade of research</i> [Jennifer Hornsby]	941
SHORE, ROBERT K.	<i>The Political Economy of Growth: Classical political economy and the modern world</i> [T. W. Hutchison]	923
STEPHEN, DAVID	<i>Bodach the Badger</i> [David Proffman]	940
TAYLOR, MARK	<i>Shakespeare's Darker Purpose: A question of incest</i> [Stanley Wells]	935
THOMSON, PETER	<i>Shakespeare's Theatre</i> [Stanley Wells]	935
YENDROVSKAYA, LYUBA, and GALINA KAPTEVA	<i>Evgeny Vakhtangov</i> [Richard Cottrell]	928
WATSON, G. J.	<i>Drama: An Introduction</i> [Kitty Mrosovsky]	927
WEARING, J. P.	<i>The London Stage 1910-1919: A calendar of plays and players</i> [Vivian Ellis]	938
COMMENTARY		
Exhibition: British Theatre Designers (Lyttelton Circle Foyer, National Theatre)	[Stephen Pickles]	931
Theatre: WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: <i>Hamlet, Macbeth, Henry IV</i> (Riverside Studios, Hammersmith)	[P. N. Furbank]	931
John Pritchard: <i>Agnes of God</i> (Greenwich Theatre)	[Harold Hobson]	930
Reminders: Eric Korn		930
Author, Author		930
Viewpoint: Shakespeare's text and columnar verse	[Eric Sams]	933
Poems by Jamie McKeandrick, Vernon Scannell and Ted Hughes		923, 921, 927
Letter on The Making of Modern Freedom: Books from Argentina, The Hysterical Women's Movement		932
Among this week's contributors		943
The Tenth Muse of the South Bank: Michael Kusow		939
Theatre history in microform: Julie Hankley		943
The new season: A personal view of reviewing: Simon Gray		927

Otherwise enraged: a paranoid view of reviewing

Simon Gray

A few years ago a playwright cuffed a critic in the theatre, in full view of the audience. In the ensuing radio discussion I tentatively advanced the opinion that this small but positive step forward to professional advantage to the critic concerned, being a compliment to the review that provoked it and rendering more credible his next along the same lines. A man who wants to be known as fearlessly honest should be seen to have something to fear—otherwise why should we believe him? I think I summed it up, adding—though it was no part of my main plank—that beating up critics was good for the playwright, too. The manner in which my practical pieties were received made me at last abandon all hope of striking back at theatre critics, especially as my personal hit-list, at one time selectively cosmopolitan, had grown to include the *Surrey Cleaner*, and an Indian working for a newspaper outside Toronto. All I could hope to gain from public revenge (the private kind is a different matter; but I'm told it's expensive) would be the enhancement of my reputation as just another vindictive playwright; while the critic would most likely be coddled cosseted and ennobled by his colleagues, as a consequence.

Therefore the only reason that I recently found myself about to review a collection of reviews from the *Sunday Times* theatre reviewer, was that I misheard his name and misunderstood the subject over the telephone, thinking I was going to be sent the work of a certain Sutherland whom I took to be a distinguished authority on stages long dead. So it was a bad line, in several senses, that led to James Fenton's book being temporarily before me, dad in yellow to mark his contempt for the theatre people, with their strong preference for entirely glowing notices to almost any other kind. That sneering title, set in that jarring colour, effectively reminded me that Mr Fenton's first assignment for the *Sunday Times* had been to cover a modest thriller of my own which he did in terms that qualified him for a spot somewhere (though not too high up; at least he had the tact to be wilful) on my hit-list. On the other hand, I hadn't read his column since then, and it occurred to me that perhaps both of us had been maturing away, like two separate wines or cheeses. In his case there was incontrovertible physical evidence of rapid development—the book being not only rather plump, but put together a mere two years or so since Mr Fenton arrived on the scene. Furthermore, his publishers hint that such collections might become regular events—as if they intend to make him to the theatre what Wisden is to cricket. So I thought I'd have a quick dip, with a view to prolonged immersion, followed—if all went well—by some dignified (because qualified) tribute-paying. But as the first sentence that caught my eye expressed Mr Fenton's contempt for an actor ("If he had spent his time with a ferret with hard-boiled eggs, I might have been impressed"), and the next contempt for a new work by a contemporary playwright ("It's about nothing, nothing at all"), I decided that after all the best person to review Mr Fenton's reviews would be a fellow-reviewer, who would doubtless have a stomach for such things; leaving me free to state with a clear conscience that I have no grounds for believing that Mr Fenton's collected reviews, when read carefully one after another in the order prescribed by himself, aren't absolutely marvellous.

This led me on to wonder what I know—or think I know—about theatre reviewers as a species. For the most part I realize that I see them in controlled clichés, even sometimes professing the belief (tenaciously clung to in the profession as a whole) that they're all deformed and impotent, whatever they happen to look like, however they're rumoured to perform in bed with whomsoever. But this is probably only the crudest manifestation of an abiding resentment—that reviewers themselves seem not to understand how apart they are from the activity that provides them with their livelihoods. After all, most performances (and frequently the best of them) take place without their assistance. They usually only come once, and only affect what they're to judge by the extent to which their presence undermines it. In other words, an evening that is the product of weeks of collective and passionate work for the playwright, actors and director, passes for reviewers in an evening they themselves blemish; from which they pass on to another evening, and then another, blemishing as they go. Not only, therefore, *not* a part of the experience but professionally bound to resist it—as they resist that other witness, the paying audience, whose testimony they either ignore or even despise. But this, I fully understand, is a partial view. There are probably moods in which I might be inclined to see them in a more pathetic light, wondering who could want to lead such a pariah life, even for a column on the *Sunday Times*.

Upon which I found myself staring down at Mr Fenton, as he appears in the photograph on the back of his book. He might almost be offering himself up in poignant confirmation of the possibility that the reviewer is as much victim as vandal. He is sitting at a bare table in what appears to be an institutional room. One hand supports his head, as if to prevent it from lolling. The other is curled slackly in front of him. The expression on his face—which is bearded and pallid—appears to be one of hopelessness. In all, it's like a study of a long-term convict, unable to face up to the years behind his years ahead; as if Mr Fenton had found a way of speaking, mutely and eloquently, of the custodial nature of his work, with its many hours passed in dark places with frequently unpleasant people, who would rather be somewhere else; which in its turn might be an intended metaphor for the custodial nature of life itself, with its imprisoning loneliness, its absences and despairs. But I'm being fanciful, having forgotten that Mr

Fenton is also a poet, of a melancholy and lyrical kind, in what I've read of him, and probably all he's doing in his photograph is reminding us that he sometimes wears another hat.

But scrutinizing Mr Fenton's face made me realize how little personal contact I've had with reviewers, limited as I've been to occasional lunches with chaps I've come across in an unprofessional context. I've enjoyed some of these a good deal, while having to report that at least parts of the conversation have had a rather sickly tone to them, particularly when limping around a suddenly mutually remembered embarrassment—as, for instance, a churlish review given a mere decade or so before. But at least the greetings have been at least the farewells tender, and to some stretches in between affable and informative, especially when confined to such subjects as dogs, children and mortgages. I've also spent a civilized evening in the home of one of them, without—as I recall—having to restrain an impulse to scribble graffiti on his lavatory wall, or suspecting that he would check after I'd left to see whether I had. But when it comes to it, I know almost nothing about reviewers as a species; not even whether they like each other. In fact, I've only run across them in a herd, so to speak, once; and that was in the bar of the English speaking theatre in Vienna, to which they'd been flown by an artistic director who believed that a very bad review was better coverage than no review at all. But it was difficult to distinguish them from each other, or even to count them—there may have been as few as three, as many as thirteen—as the curtain was just about to go up on a play of mine that I had directed myself—my debut in this double capacity having been undertaken in Vienna precisely to escape the attention of the London critics. I was further preoccupied with the whereabouts of one of the leading actors, who had gone missing with—it was rumoured back-stage—his pockets stuffed with love-letters or suicide notes, nobody was sure which (given the state of his personal life, they were probably interchangeable or combined some beginning as one and ending as the other). I have a dim sense, though, that we talked and drank briefly together, the critics and I, while my eyes, angry and reproachful, sought out the artistic director who was in boisterous mood, making it clear with every laugh and gesture that for him the appearance of London critics in the bar of his theatre was far more to be celebrated than anything that might appear, or not, as seemed likely in this case, as we had no understudies—on his stage. I think the reviewers took the same attitude, but more modestly, wishing me luck when I finally blundered off, and certainly giving the impression that they were well-disposed towards their evening in Vienna, whatever might turn up to fill it—even if it was only more drinks. Their reviews the following week corresponded in one or two details to what I'd thought I'd put on the stage, which included, by the way, the actor who'd vanished. I can't remember now

where he'd gone or why, so the explanation was probably pretty hum-drum. But my main point is that any occasion in which a playwright finds himself among reviewers, is almost bound to be the kind of occasion on which he's least able to study them.

In New York, though, I once had the chance to participate in a reviewer's practice of his profession. A young man from one of those Bohemian-looking but rather influential newspapers from the Greenwich Village end of the city came to interview me, intending to incorporate his observations into a review of *The Rear Column*, a play I'd written about five seemingly decent Victorian gentlemen going to pieces in hideous circumstances in the Congo. We met in my hotel dining-room, where he sat bolt upright at a table, long of face, spectacles double-glazed, nostrils sucked in even during speech—of which there was very little, at least from him. I tried to achieve routine human contact by offering to buy him a cake—simultaneously fearing, in a city of graft and corruption, that the gesture would be interpreted as a bribe. The silence that followed the brief discussion with the waiter was so unendurable that when the cakes at last arrived, I greeted them with a little scream, which I desperately extended into a number of meaningless comparisons between the size of cakes in New York and London and possibly Bangkok too. This was followed by another silence, during which the cakes were eaten, coffee drunk. Followed by the silence, perhaps for digestion. When he finally spoke, it was to ask a number of terse questions separated by extravagant monologues from me. My ordeal came to an end when he signalled the conclusion of my impassioned—indeed slightly tearful—plea for understanding (for my characters, not for myself) by rising in the middle of it, and departing. A dotting friend sent me the interview review when I was back in London. I haven't kept it, but it began roughly as follows: "I do not like Simon Gray. No sooner had I met him in his downtown hotel than he launched an attack on New York pastries . . . and went on to relate my personality to my play—which he saw as a glowing account of five Victorian queens hiding in the Congo while they came out of their closets. I noticed during my dip into Mr Fenton, by the way, a brief chapter entitled 'The Right to be Wrong' in which I didn't fret myself with least—I now realize—any argument claiming a right to be wrong might turn out to be only a postulate stage towards another reviewer, or Mr Fenton himself in his next collection, arguing that, actually, it is a duty.

The blank truth is—I might as well come out with it—is that the only critics in whom I have complete confidence are those who pay for the privilege. Like the elderly gentleman I passed in the interval of one of my plays just as he was saying to his wife and two

daughters (at least I took that to be their relationship; with Americans it generally is) "I told you—I told you—we should have gone to the movies!" Or the man still in the bar after the interval of another of my plays, who unaffectedly welcomed me with: "Someone else who hates it. Come and join the club." Which was quite large and relaxed-looking, and in other circumstances might have consisted of just my type. Those professional critics who also hated the play were, of course, back in the stalls, getting on with hating the second act too, in their little pockets of one, scattered in the darkness, earning their keep.

I can't—given my evident and declared lack of sympathy with the profession—even speculate on why people should choose to become theatre reviewers, but it did occur to me to wonder how they come by their jobs—whether they progress through long apprenticeships, punctuated by ceremonies of graduation, to the top of their tree; or do they land there accidentally, having fallen from a greater height? Here I turned willingly to Mr Fenton, thinking that his particular example might illuminate the general process. And what Mr Fenton has introduced, in his autobiography, is certainly a revelation—at least to outsiders like myself, who nevertheless have a stake in the consequences. It seems that Mr Fenton had no particular interest in the theatre until just before he got his present post when, happening to be in Vienna (through circumstances too drab—or too drably rendered—to warrant telling), he found himself vicariously involved in a friend's production of an unspecified play. The rehearsals were fraught, as they always are; the production seemed doomed, as it always does; but the first night was a success, as sometimes happens. "In the aftermath of this excitement I began to think how I might acquire some kind of theatrical work, but I had had no opportunity to acquire any credentials to this purpose when, on a visit to London, I learned that Levin" (Bernard, the then *Sunday Times* reviewer) "was giving up his job and that a replacement was sought." So, in the disturbingly wooden tones of a man to whom the impossible have become as one, Mr Fenton tells us all he has to tell of how he did it. Perhaps his story is conventional, and all his colleagues rose (or fell) to their work in the same manner. In which case, one can't help feeling that there's a whiff of something sulphurous about it; the perfect Mephistophelian riposte, surely, to longing to work in the theatre "without credentials" being to hand you a job as one of its reviewers. This certainly explains his haunted occasionally am by images of them at their tasks, and why my glance keeps going back to that photograph of Mr Fenton, whom I now see as appropriately lodged in his lonely cell, yet another Faustian eternally excommunicated from what he yearns for, while seeming always to be attendant upon it.

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Dramatis personae

Kitty Mrosovsky

G. J. WATSON

Drama: An Introduction

219pp, Macmillan, £12.95.

(paperback, £4.95)

0 333 32452 8

G. J. Watson's brief is to outline all the basic traditional concepts—tragedy, comedy, satire, naturalism, etc—while focusing on exemplary works by major dramatists and giving minor dramatists a mention. It's surely his credit that he achieves, in a very few pages, a challenging Australian, Malaysian and Malaysian names, as well as Sophocles, Marlowe, Shakespeare, Jonson, Ibsen, Miller, Chekhov, Shaw, Beckett, Brecht and Pinter. His introductions are agreeable and neatly managed, neither too per-

functory nor too verbose, and he can touch without fuss on the quick of his subject—as in the discussion of the uncanny, the Marlovian revelation "that moral growth might cost damnation", or the lucid and sympathetic account of Shavian moral passion.

It isn't, I think, that easy to introduce A-level and undergraduate students to distinctions such as that between the moral and the moralistic, nor indeed to assist them in writing about plays in ways which both take account of concrete aspects of stage performance and also involve the manipulation of abstract notions and categories. Watson's unaggressively civilizing intentions merit respect.

The snag is that this type of book is likely to be mimicked by well-meaning teachers or plundered by weaker students. Ways of teaching literature that genuinely stimulate the students' own heuristic competence are simply not, if

seems, being adequately developed at the moment. There is a normative drive to such projects as this, which precludes excitement, and offers poor defence to the natural risk of overviewer's cliché. For instance when discussing *Oedipus* the King that "chance rules our lives", Watson comments:

This notion of a random universe is a doctrine which would deny the very basis of all serious Greek thought, which believed that the universe was not chaotic and "irrational", but was based on a logical order.

A well-worn pigeon-hole, but none the more helpful for that. Where in the world has Euripides vanished? It was partly the very drive towards a rational, scientific interpretation of the universe that, long before modern times, stimulated scepticism as to the existence of any divine ordering of the world.

Keeping up the studio spirit

Richard Cottrell

LYUBA VENDROVSKAYA and
GALINA KAPTEREVA
Evgeny Vakhtangov
Translated by Doris Bradbury
271pp. Central Books. £4.95.
7147 1913 7

Evgeny Vakhtangov (1883-1922) was an important figure in the early Soviet theatre. A contemporary of Meyerhold, he worked in Moscow in that extraordinarily innovative period before the devastating hand of Stalin's socialist realism stifled the creative spirits with which the early post-revolutionary years abounded. However - rather like Gordon Craig - his enormous reputation is founded on very little actual work. Vakhtangov is remembered for no more than half-a-dozen productions (he rehearsed *Rosmersholm* for two years) but as a teacher he was more than active. A protégé of Stanislavski and of Nemirovich-Danchenko, he created and ran the second studio at the Moscow Arts Theatre and then taught and directed at other "studios" as well, greatly expanding and developing Stanislavski's theories.

His workload was enormous. Starting at noon, he appears to have worked with barely a break through to one the following morning. Not

surprisingly perhaps, he was often and seriously ill, spending much time in hospital and finally dying, after a series of operations, at the age of thirty-nine.

As I read, with some difficulty, this memoir, I realized with a shock that I had actually seen one of Vakhtangov's productions: one of the studio groups with whom he worked in Moscow in the 1920s was the Habimah Studio Theatre and for them Vakhtangov directed Ansky's *The Dybbuk*. When, in the happy days of the now departed and greatly lamented World Theatre Season, the Habimah Theatre of Israel came to London, their repertoire included Vakhtangov's production of *The Dybbuk*, then some fifty years old, with its business, scenery and costumes still intact. Also intact, alas, was its style of acting. It was a truly terrible evening - flapping, shaking scenery, untruthful, melodramatic acting. Seventy years ago, no doubt Vakhtangov's *Dybbuk* was filled with dynamism but it's the glory and the sadness of the theatre that it's a totally ephemeral art.

So one can have little idea of what Vakhtangov's work was really like; and will not be further enlightened after reading this work. The book is divided into two halves: extracts from Vakhtangov's diaries, letters, production notebooks; and a series of appreciative essays by people with whom he worked. From his own writings, Vakhtangov emerges as

rather an unlikable character, always getting in a frightful tizz about the way his students carried on and continually sending them exhortations on the need to maintain "the studio spirit", much in the manner of an absent games master. Some areas spark recognition: "how dare the prop boys disregard my remarks in setting up the scenes?" and when he's lying in hospital waiting to be operated on, you hear the man himself, speaking in simple, moving monosyllables. The polysyllabic raptures on art are far harder to take and not essentially very far removed from the lyrical poems to "my tractor" which make the work of later Soviet dramatists merely risible to Western audiences.

With the extracts from his notebooks, there's a whiff of a real creative imagination at work. On *Rosmersholm*: "I simply cannot see painted sets, however hard I try... heavy, sombre depressing, draped cloth... heavy with the dust of centuries... it stands for silence and order, severity and steadfastness, cruelty and rigidity of purpose... a room of enormous proportions. Nothing new except flowers." This is the kind of vision all directors need, and seek, to move them and their colleagues into the world of the play.

Oddly, though he had a tremendous reverence for Stanislavski and

Nemirovich-Danchenko, he didn't care for their work and, of directors, it was Meyerhold whom he most admired. He wrote of him: "each production of his is a new form of theatre" and went on to say: "Stanislavski is a less talented director... all naturalists are alike and a stage work by one could be taken for a production by another. Meyerhold is original... he has provided roots for the theatre of the future... Stanislavski theatre is already dead... I am happy at this. Strange, I now find it unpleasant to recall *The Three Sisters* and *The Cherry Orchard*. *Julius Caesar* which stunned me at the time - is now repulsive to me." This gives one of the few clues provided by this book as to what Vakhtangov's own work must have been like. Somehow, in his criticisms of Stanislavski, a whole period comes alive and we, who are brought up to reverence the Moscow Arts Theatre, are suddenly in the world of Meyerhold, of the constructivists, of Bulgakov's wonderful satirical novel, *Black Snow*, of Zamyatin's science fiction classic, *We*.

These facets of Vakhtangov make one want to know more and from the biographical essays in the last part of the book another figure emerges - filled with a vast vitality, a boundless enthusiasm, an unflagging energy, idolized by his students and actors.

"Probably the first thing a student of Vakhtangov's felt was an enormous gratitude for the almost fanatical passion for art and creativity he exuded. Vakhtangov gave us wings, he drew us away from our everyday, petty concerns, fired our imagination and urged us into the future... he understood life as ceaseless creation and art as one form in which man's creative urge expressed itself." Also a man with his feet firmly planted on the ground: "our rehearsals were often stopped with the words 'I don't understand what you're saying. I don't understand what you're doing.' A man, too, of great humility - it was very important to him that Stanislavski and Nemirovich-Danchenko saw his work - though, disapproving of his outside commitments, they hardly ever saw anything of his that was not for the Moscow Arts - and he called Meyerhold 'Master'."

After one has ploughed through the inept and awkward English translation, there are small hints of a man and of a talent, but the whole turns out to have been a literary mirage because there's nothing which describes any of the productions. Of course his theories and his teaching have had considerable influence on the Soviet theatre but it's by the living theatrical experience that the shadows of the theatre are remembered.

Innovation and reaction

Jennifer Uglov

VICTOR EMELJANOV (Editor)
Chekhov - The Critical Heritage
471pp. Routledge & Kegan Paul.
£17.50.
0 7100 0374 9

This volume of the Critical Heritage deals with the reception of Chekhov in England and America, from the first mention of his work in articles on Russian literature in the 1890s to the respectful, familiar, reviews of plays which had attained the status of intellectual public property by the mid-1940s.

Although the time-span of the collection is limited, Victor Emeljanov has gathered over 230 pieces, ranging from short notices such as the laconic *Times* obituary ("He was not unsuccessful as a dramatist") to the substantial reflective pieces which gradually worked towards a definition of Chekhov's meaning and appeal to Anglophone readers and audiences. Among these seminal pieces fall Maurice Baring's essays in the *New Quarterly* in 1907-8, E. M. Forster's *New Statesman* review of the short stories in 1915, Middleton Murry's essay "Thoughts on Chekhov" in which he reflects on the problem of Chekhov's "unity" in 1920, Storm Jameson's exploration of his "new form" in the same year. In 1903, the year of R. E. C. Long's translation of some of the short stories, and in the appraisals after his death in 1904, Chekhov's critics were beginning to divide into disdainful opponents who derided what they saw as his "hopeless quietism" and his "strange assemblage of neurotics, lunatics and semi-lunatics" and partisan supporters like Christian Brinton, the art critic, who drew attention to his often unremarked humour: "He recorded life with a mocking tenderness, a mixture of satire and sadness, which has no parallel in the literature of his own, or any country."

The intense hostility faded, assuaged by better translations and more sensitive productions, although ripples of dislike endure throughout the period. Less unreserved critical debates arose and less the notices of Chekhov as a chronicler or satirist of Russian pre-revolutionary society, and determinism; arguments about his lack of political commitment; dissections of the relation between his "novel" "naturalism" and his "poetic form"; the accuracy and fragmentation of dialogue or the photographic detail of the stories and the impressionism of the complete

work. But in this selection literary criticism is firmly subordinated, none the less, to criticism of the plays in production. This may be partly due to the particular interest of the editor, a drama specialist, whose subsequent work has included an interesting study on Komisarjevsky's London productions of Chekhov and who makes remarkably dismissive statements about the possibilities for purely formal or thematic criticism: "The response to a short story, however, is a personal one, and the only argument can ultimately be about the taste of the individual reader or, for that matter, the individual publisher."

A better reason for the focus on performance in this period would have been that several of the most thoughtful and penetrating assessments of Chekhov's art came from critics responding to individual productions; for instance the discussion of his universality in the theatre reviews of Stark Young in New York, or James Agate and the devoted Chekhovian Desmond MacCarthy in London. A fine example of reflective response to a theatrical experience is, of course, Virginia Woolf's piece in *The New Statesman* in 1920 on the "atmosphere" of *The Cherry Orchard*:

And, given time, something might be said in greater detail of the causes which produced this atmosphere - the strange dislocated sentences, each so erratic and yet cutting out the shape so firmly, of the realism, of the humour, of the artistic unity. But let the atmosphere be taken literally to mean that Chekhov has contrived to shed over us a luminous vapour in which life appears as it is, without veils, transparent and visible to the depths. Long before the play was over, we seemed to have sunk below the surface of things and to be feeling our way among submerged but recognisable emotions.

In more specific terms of theatre history this volume is valuable for the sheer bulk of the well-documented material it contains and for its demonstration of the complicated links between critical theory, stage practice and public taste. The superficial pattern of absorption seems a familiar one - from being judged as odd, foreign, peculiar, to being adopted by the intellectual avant-garde, rapidly followed by the fashionable metropolitan audiences and finally becoming part of the established popular "classical" canon. But the detailed stage history reveals a more subtle movement, which undercuts such surface patterns. As with the reception of Brecht in this country it seems that the comprehension of Chekhov's form changed in acting technique - that indeed theatre audiences responded

with excitement to what they had heard of the new approaches of the Moscow Arts Theatre, or later the Berliner Ensemble, and looked to the dramatists for material to experiment with. Emeljanov describes this process most succinctly in his preface: "In the period to 1919 it was usually described as impossibly static. But in the period from 1920, as demands for a new theatre practice grew more insistent, so the plays of Chekhov came to be regarded as vehicles whereby a new form of acting and staging might be realised." Similarly the wider popularity of Chekhov in the 1930s and 1940s reflected not so much a gradual education of public taste as the movement of a devoted public, following their stage and screen idols, who saw the plays as offering exciting performance possibilities.

An underlying result of the concentration on the stage history rather than on criticism of the texts apart from performance, or the short stories, is therefore to give the book a triple orientation, so that it functions as criticism of Chekhov's writing, as theatre history, and as an example of the changing currents of public taste. The rather plodding introduction, divided into periods and subdivided into descriptions of the response to performances, smacks of lecture notes and of doctoral theses (generously acknowledged) which have doubtless chronicled every possible variation in cast lists and lighting in every discoverable production. But despite the pedestrian pace of Emeljanov's survey, his carefully chosen extracts guide us through elaborately convoluted channels of innovation, reaction and adaptation, and the total effect of the book is less of a worthy reference tool than of a false, disconnected narrative of a fascinating episode of cultural history.

Volume XV of the New Series of *Oxford Slavonic Papers*, edited by J. P. R. R. J. L. Fennell, and G. C. Stone. 1975. Oxford University Press. £17.50. 0 19 815658 8. Contains contributions from Simon Franklin, T. A. Greenan, Igor Vinogradoff, A. O. Cross, Mark Altshuler, Pamela Davidson, Svetlana Koljic and J. S. G. Simmons. Simon Franklin writes on "Some Anonymous Sources of Kievan Russian 'Historiography'". T. A. Greenan on the seventeenth century *Life of Iulijana Lazarevskaya*; Igor Vinogradoff introduces extracts from the *Courtly Poet* relating to Russian missions to London, 1715-89; and A. O. Cross discusses a "burlesque, if distinctly inferior tradition in English poetry" - homage to foreign princes, and specifically to Russian tsars, which flourished in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries.

A place in the country

Katharine Worth

LENNOX ROBINSON

Selected Plays: Irish Drama Selections
1. Introduction by Christopher Murray.
296pp. Gerrards Cross: Colin Smythe. £12.50 (paperback, £3.50).
0 8132 0574 3

"Lennox Robinson came, thin and languid, but anxious for the management it he could arrange with Horace Plunkett to let him keep a part of the Carnegie Library work." Thus Lady Gregory, recording in 1919 the return to the fold of Lennox Robinson after a four-year break from his job as general manager at the Abbey Theatre.

This account hints at a rather curious personality: purposeful and indecisive, hard-working and "languid". He was curious to look at - immensely tall ("the mysterious elongation of a giraffe", said one observer) yet at one time only eight stone in weight - and though hardly belligerent, capable of arousing strong dislikes as well as likings. He was always "That Robinson" to Miss Horniman, the Abbey Theatre's formidable English patron, after his maledictor début as manager in 1910, when he allowed performances to take place on the day of Edward VII's funeral, enraging her to the point of fining the theatre by a cut in their subsidy. He was the soul of versatility; manager and later director, producer (a good one: O'Casey wanted him for *The Plough and the Stars*) and prolific playwright who helped, with his comedies of Irish provincial life especially, to underpin the Abbey's always precarious economy.

What kind of plays were written by this interesting character? We can pursue the question more easily now that the *Selected Plays* (chosen by Christopher Murray) have been published by the angel of Anglo-Irish studies, Colin Smythe, and the Catholic University Press of America. This is the first volume in a welcome new series of selected works by Irish dramatists which have long been out of print. The masters of the Irish theatre, Yeats, Synge, O'Casey, have always attracted the lion's share of attention, but they need the context supplied by the lesser lights - who, indeed, may now prove to be brighter than we had realized.

Lennox Robinson deserves his place as the opener of the series, if only because of his pivotal role in the Abbey Theatre. Appointed general manager at the age of twenty-three, he had already made a small stir there with his first play, *The Clancy Name* (1908), a one-act piece about the rage for respectability which makes the mother of a son who has committed a murder care about nothing, even when her son is dying, except the preservation of the family name. The young writer had been inspired by a visit of the Abbey company to Cork, his home town; for the first time he saw on the stage "life, real Irish life... it came on me in a flash, as a revelation, that play-material could be found outside one's own door, at one's own fireside". *The Clancy Name* launched him, with Sara Allgood "magnificent" in the leading part and a reviewer obliging with the kind of shock and outrage that helps to put an Irish playwright on the map: "the whole thing is a shame and a disgrace... a representative family whose name has been so flagrantly and gratuitously mentioned in connection with this so-called play..."

Uncomfortable closeness to real life was among the hazards attending the vocation of "Cork" realist" to which Robinson was true throughout his long career. Of the plays in the volume under review, only one, *Church Street* (1934), ventures into formal experiment - a sub-Pirandellian exploration of a young playwright's approach to his material. Hugh Rodin is contemptuous of the prosaic provincial life in his parents' home until his aunt teaches him to look more closely behind the commonplace facade; he creates an alter ego who moves invisibly among the "real" characters, arranging them, like a director, setting up scenes in which tragic realities are revealed, such as the unloved, carefully concealed starvation of two elderly sisters.

No doubt, as Christopher Murray suggests, Robinson knew he was thought of by some of his friends to have got rather stuck in an Ibsenist mould. But the real driving force behind the *Church Street* experiment seems to have been the need to justify realism and the choice of the drab urban lives which had so little appeal for Yeats or Synge, or even Lady Gregory.

One has to be impressed by Lennox Robinson's tenacity in keeping to the métier he so early recognized, despite the mighty influences against. Yeats was one of Yeats's most devoted followers, yet he continued to produce plays like *Patriots* (1912) which he himself came to find "so old, so out-of-date", looking back at it in 1942, in his autobiography, *Curtain Up*. We are bound to agree, even perhaps to feel more dubious than he did about the virtues he felt he could still see in it,



LENNOX ROBINSON

"Wish, God help you, John Duffy", says one of the luckless daughters when the curtain falls on this dénouement. "And she's right", adds the playwright, in one of the wry whimsical comments that are scattered through the play and give it, as Christopher Murray says, a distinctive quality - though perhaps not one that modern audiences will easily respond to, any more than they respond nowadays to the charm of J. M. Barrie.

It is not surprising that Sean O'Casey admired this play; he thought it a "glorious" work, though his own more dionysian farce makes his predecessor's seem somewhat tame in comparison. Yet O'Casey's praise remains understandable. He retracted it in later days, but that was in the aftermath of the rejection of *The Silver Tassie*; he could never quite forgive "Links", as he called him, for his share in that traumatic event ("cultured sneakiness" was his phrase for it). It was certainly not to O'Casey's preference for realism. He could see that O'Casey was groping (his word) towards a new manner in the astonishing masterpiece, but he could not stomach the mixture of styles ("the realism of the first act and the unrealism of the second"). He went so far as to suggest to Lady Gregory that the play could be improved by an alternative ending in which the action returned to the tenement setting, instead of the wild and terrible dance-hall scene. It seems characteristic that this over-consciousness should have co-existed with self-doubt; he was relieved that Lady Gregory independently of him rejected the play; otherwise, he told her, he would have suspected himself of "all sorts of horrid subconscious feelings".

Painful incidents such as this illustrate the difficulty of Lennox Robinson's position; a writer of talent surrounded by writers of genius, who yet often depended on him to realize their imaginings on the stage. He also shared with Yeats and Lady Gregory in the peculiar destiny, as he himself saw it, of being Anglo-Irish. "This strange Irish thing has been the commanding force in my life", he said in the closing lines of his autobiography. He was born into a large country house just outside Cork City; when he was six years old his father "surprisingly" changed from being a stockbroker in Cork to being a Church of Ireland curate. *The Big House*, one of the most interesting plays in this volume, has a heroine who takes "admirable Protestant parsonage" to task for letting the Protestant religion slip through the fingers, as her family have let the house, Ballinacorney, slip through theirs, by not seeing that it was necessary to fight for it. This is one of many allusions (the Carnegie Library Trust also gets in) which make the author's personal experience overtly part of his documentation of historical events. In more fantastic form he makes similar autobiographical references in *Church Street* and *Drama in Irish* (1933), a rather odd send-up of ham actors touring the provinces with Ibsen, Strindberg and the Russians and of the provincial audience who over-react to the thrilling new drama by throwing themselves off piers and making catastrophic public confessions. As Murray says, this is a case of the older playwright laughing at his younger, messianic self; a rather and joke, it might appear.

Through the character of Kate Alcock in *The Big House* Robinson subtly explores the theme that preoccupies him: the nature of Irishness. The daughter of an Irish father and an English mother, she passionately asserts her Irish identity through her devotion to the "house" and the Catholic community in the village and countryside nearby. A symbolic activity for her - as for the much-loved brother killed on Armistice Day at the start of the play - is learning the Irish language. She mocks her English school's stock notion of an Irish girl - "Peg o' my Heart, with April moods and an Irish terror under the arm - but is forced to realize that the genuine Irish identity she claims is precarious and unreal. The action moves through four traumatic episodes, from 1918 to 1922 when the

house is burned down by local nationalists. The worst moment for Kate is when she feels her family becoming irrelevant, "everything sweeping past us and leaving us behind". But when three young men in trench coats give Kate and her parents five minutes to leave the house before they set fire to it, her sense of connection is restored. There is, after all, real feeling between the "big house" and the people, even if the feeling is one of fear and hostility. When her parents depart for Bourne-mouth, her father admitting to having for years felt "like a bad actor cast for a part far too heroic for his talent", Kate resolves to stay on alone and fight for her place in the country she still feels is hers: "Ireland is not more theirs than ours".

In his use of a deteriorating, finally burnt-out house to represent the decline of a family and a class, Robinson anticipates Yeats's *Purgatory* (1938): that play opens with the Old Man and Boy, two generations of a family in decline, standing by the burnt-out ruin in which a ghost of the past is to appear. Robinson introduces a ghostly presence into his play too, that of the dead brother whose spirit cannot part from the house he loves. It does not work, and *The Big House* as a whole is unlikely, one would guess, to attract performances in today's theatre: the combination of strict topicality and strict naturalism does not commend it. Nevertheless admirers of Yeats's play should look at Robinson's, for it provides in telling detail some of the solid historical reality that lies behind Yeats's more thrilling images. The neatness of its naturalistic construction does not prevent it from creating a sense of some urgency, derived in part from the play's being so close in time to the events it portrays. It was written in

1926; in the years when great houses were under attack and soon after the Black and Tans; that grim theme inspires a particularly tense scene of clashing and confused emotions.

Many interesting lines of connection emerge, then, from this volume, backwards to Yeats and the rest and forwards to present-day playwrights such as Brian Friel, whose *Arcadian* and *Translations* are certainly, as Christopher Murray writes, in a gear derived from Lennox Robinson. Perhaps one outcome of the new interest the selection should evoke will eventually be a collected edition, with the fuller annotation and commentary which the subject surely justifies. However, there is the great advantage of speed in a series which aims to supply simply a selection of reprinted texts, with brief but (as in the present instance) scholarly and informative introductions and bibliographies. *Irish Drama Selections* is a most useful undertaking.

The Irish Theatre by Christopher Fitz-Simon (208pp with 202 illustrations, 24 in colour. Thames and Hudson £12.50. 0 500 01300 4) includes the following chapters: "Inhabitable Soil 1171-1649"; "The lure of London 1693-1707: William Congreve and George Farquhar"; "An ancient idealism 1898-1939: The Irish Literary Theatre, the National Theatre Society, Augusta Gregory, Edward Martyn, William Butler Yeats and others"; "Conservatives and shape-changers, after 1939: Recent developments, Samuel Beckett, contemporary writers including Hugh Leonard, Brian Friel, Eugene McCabe, Thomas Murphy, Thomas Kilroy and others"; as well as chapters on Goldsmith, Sheridan, Wilde, Shaw, Synge and O'Casey and a select bibliography and index.

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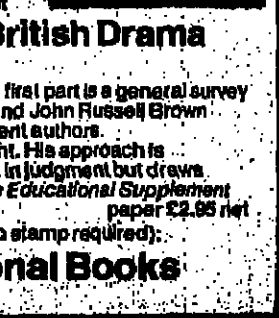
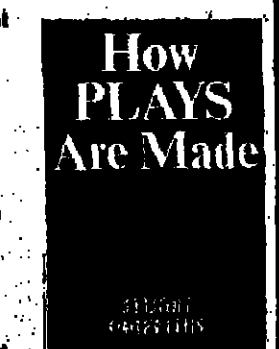
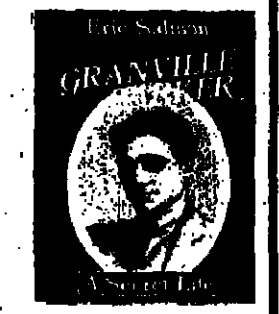
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remainders

Eric Korn

You and I, of course, being persons of the world, would be unlikely to advance any money to one Colonel Graves, sometime Commander-in-Chief to the armies of the Queen of Madagascar, later Commander-in-Chief of the forces of Jacques Lebaudy, Emperor of the Sahara. Nor to the Comte de Toulouse-Lautrec (sic) nor to Deacon Hann Yuss of the tribe of Jilu. We would not be likely to rush our subs to the Anti-Expectation League, The National Thrift Society, The Children's Non-Socialist League, nor buy space in the Colonial Advertising Catalogue of the Britannia and International Language Co. — not even if, especially not if, solicited by an agent called Charles Septimus Malpass, clearly the kind of villain who is hissed on every entrance, and snickers up his sleeve.

Nowadays we have television and radio to expose frauds, sharps, swindlers, bunco-steerers and flat-traps. But in 1913 they only had the admirable *Cautionary List of Truth* magazine to prevent people giving all their money to Mr H. Haverley, the Branded Man of Haverstock Hill, founder of the Aggressive Christian Union (tells a cock-and-bull story about being kidnapped by papists and branded with an H on his forehead. The H may be taken as standing for 'humbug'), to the London Institute for Lost and Starving Cats ("money collected is mainly expended on killing cats") or to the "gang of bogus bishops" who ran The Shatterbury Memorial Shoeblack Outdoor Brigade for Homeless Destitute Deaf Dumb and Crippled Boys ("appeals among the most blasphemous and canting issued by any charity-monger").

Truth Cautionary List (It ran for many years) describes hundreds of bogus organizations, not often as candid as the man collecting for the Samuel Smiles Centenary (self-help begins at home), and individual hypocrites like George Brooks: "originally a Nonconformist Minister and a violent Radical. Became a still more violent Tory, self-constituted champion of property and vested interests generally. Addresses pathetic appeals to wealthy representatives of these classes, describing his personal and domestic distress. When not relieved, becomes abusive." Some preyed on deserving victims — like John T. Higgins ("improvident young heirs falling into the tolls of this vampire have been bled in the most

unscrupulous manner"), like P. Saunders of Savile Row, who claimed 418 per cent interest on a loan to a "wealthy inebriate"; or like the Société Académique d'Histoire Internationale, which would send you a gold medal and a diploma for twenty guineas. But many preferred to prey on the helpless, like the Children's Homes, that maltreated their inmates, or Gibbs and Co who passed off over-priced sewing machines to servant-girls and enforced payment with the "penny frightener" an imposing blue paper headed "Notice before proceeding to Law".

There were bogus share promoters and promoters of bogus shares, bogus biographers (Joshua Hutton, writing as Guy Roslyn, now reduced to poverty and begging from those he had biographed in the past), bogus printers and bogus editors of bogus papers, like *The Gentlewoman's Court Journal* and *The New Church Quarterly*, which existed only to collect review copies.

Medical frauds were numerous, even though The Aural Remedies Co had lost its chief consultant, Dr Crippen, since the 1910 edition; there was still Amritam and Antineurasthenin, Brainine for the brain and Crystol for the hair, Antidipso or Eucrasy or Alcola for drunkenness, Madame Temple's Cure for Blushing, the Magic Foot Draft, and bust enhancement by Diano, the Institute Venus-Carnis and the Académie Neuzonic. The Brothers Grant advertised themselves as "human X-rays," while the Health and Vim Supply Co. undertakes to cure obnoxious diseases.

Truth was hard on Bernard and Jennie Barton of Bugworth ("a married couple who carried on a disgusting business") and on the Reverend Basil Collet, "an inhibited clergyman, the whining note of whose appeals betrays the practised mendicant". I cannot withhold admiration from the New Seed Co, which promised for many years that "every day 40 readers who reply to this advert will receive £1" and was as good as its word: every day forty readers who replied and sent for 4s 9d worth of goods received £1. Which made sixpence each. But my favourite style of crook — and I suspect *Truth*'s — is the Seaside Lapidary: "a class of persons who carry on a curious business by substituting real gems for worthless pebbles. The pebbles are picked up on the beach by people and sent to the lapidary, who returns to them, inexpensive gems, such as topazes and aquamarines, the price charged for cutting showing a profit to the lapidary." Surely this is not fraud but the acceptable face of something or other?

"Computer to Run Marathon", jested the evening paper, evoking an image of a plucky British Acorn (with salt caked software) struggling gamely on, its little legs going 19, only 14K but all heart, while foreign mainframes of doubtful polarity are crashing around it, or being disqualified for illegally interfacing with a bus. Or the cybernetic pentathlon: chess, overcoming design hurdles, hurling the floppy discs, the sprint, print-out, and carrying the tape for human error. But all is really meaningless, that the Grand Vizier of the London Marathon have decided to abolish the pre-race Marathon, and its prize of an entry for those who guessed which pillar box to queue in front of. This year a computer will evaluate the million or so replies to a questionnaire, designed, says C. Brasher, starring pistolero-in-chief grimly, to keep out the comedians — this time, definitely, no one dressed as the front legs of a centipede, no hoppers or hang gliders, no one campaigning for proportional representation, no ex-bellis or singing waiters. I have seen no advance copy of the questionnaire. Name? Age? Sex? Number of miles per week in training? (I said per week, not per day.) Best time over twenty-five miles? Do you realize that you will be competing against people about twice as fast as you? Do you intend to become paraplegic between now and the start of the race? Do you intend to wear a too-short with a vulgar advertising slogan? Do you intend to wear running shoes with a distinctive tread? What other hobbies do you have (choose from the following): a) running; other marathons b) walking long distances extremely fast c) sprinting d) ultra-marathoning? Have you run in a marathon before? If yes, do you suppose this gives you any special claim? If no, do you suppose that this gives you any special claim? Now complete the following sentence: I deserve, above all, to run in the London Marathon because . . .

Apart from an occasional jog at speeds I should remember to call gerontological rather than generic, staggering along London's canals from Limehouse to Southall (a full Thames to Thames trot would be just under twenty-six and a quarter miles and does that suggest anything to the GLC's Office of Pastimes and Pleasures?), my own pleasures come from reading about it. Running books and magazines represent a kind of wholesome pornography, with the same combination of physical explicitness, fetishistic concentration on a single function, the encouragement of fantasies of endurance and achievement, the flinging of others into stereotyped submissive roles, excessive competitiveness, and a lack of appreciation of the whole person.

There is a notable difference of style across the Atlantic. US marathon mags are full of soft-focus photography, free verse using biochemical terminology, advertisements for high-tech, high-fashion, high-cost foot apparel and unexpectedly complex training gear; personal stereo to play you inspirational words and music, digital pulse takers so you'll be the first to know if you drop dead. There are in-depth interviews with Alan Sillitoe, and the revivalist favour of Dr. George Sheehan, a born-again track-basher ("When I began running in my mid-40's, I rewrote my life-story. It has become a biography of pain"), who believes that athletes' sweat smells sweet, unlike the guilty apocrine sweat of the nervous sedentary. There is a genial polysexual sexiness about it all (compare and contrast *Personal Best* and *Charlotte of Fire*); American long-distance runners, according to a survey not only fantasize about sex while running, they also fantasize about running Marathons during sex. British magazines on the other hand are less glittering, less faddy, less designed to stimulate expenditure, and largely given over to explanations of the English team's poor performance in various international events.

Flanagan's Run by Tom McNab is the Bible, or rather the *Pilgrim's Progress* of the ultramarathoner, one who thinks on twenty-six (a mile, as a reasonable lap length. A classical and athletic purist is planning to supersede the Marathon with the Sparathon, on the grounds that Herodotus doesn't say anything about a run from Marathon, but he does say that Pheidippides ran from Athens to Sparta and arrived on the second day with enough breath to prate). *Flanagan's Run* is a fictionalized account of the Boston 1990 "Do Angels to New York" race, and is stylistically remarkable as the only novel I know of that gives, every few chapters, a full list of the chief characters' plights and times. Other novels could do the same. At the end of eleven thousand miles in the lead, Ahab (USA) in second place just a harpoon's length ahead of Queequeg (Fr. Polynesian) with the united Arab Emirates team still waiting to make the break. Jay Gatsby leading by a toe on the East-egg — West-egg leg, with Nemesis coming up fast on the inside.

Long-distance running is one of the most despatching Patton-like thrusts of the feminist advance: until a few years ago women were barely tolerated, like lady undergraduates of Oxford before the War; now they are equalling men's record times of a decade or so ago by moderately optimistic projection.

I was sent some questions once by a man who wanted to start in the book business. They began:
1. Where can I find antiquarian books?
2. How do I find out what to pay for them?
3. Who can I sell them to?
4. What should I charge?
And at a dismal venue in Denbigh or Doncaster I was asked: "Is there a small book I can get hold of that will tell me what everything is worth?" "Yes," I snarled, "I have it right here but I'm not allowed to show it to you."

This was churlish and I'm now able to offer the Caxton Bibliopolis Implement. This elegant little device incorporates an eraser at one end, a lead pencil at the other, and around the barrel a simple but accurate ready reckoner. Seize your book. Erase the previous price (after first making a note of it). Use the ready reckoner to multiply by Antiquarian Bookseller's Secret Coefficient (sent under separate cover). Inscribe the new price in the book. And now you are in business. The writing end can also be used to place the letters "w.a.f." on the flyleaf of your purchase, thereby absolving you from any responsibility for its completeness or condition. As you gain experience, you can enlarge your vocabulary with phrases like "scarce" (= not many in stock), "curiously scarce" (= not many in stock considering the remainder turned up recently) and even "elusive" (= none in stock and I've been asked for it).

Aquarius, Canadian issue

The avowed aim of Katherine Govier, guest editor of the Canadian special issue of *Aquarius* at Eddie Linden's generous request, was "to export a glimpse of all that is going on in Canada". Inevitably she has failed, though the attempt was honourable: the fourteen writers represented span three generations and at least five provinces. The issue is predictably strong in short stories, a form which English-Canadian writers have made something of a specialty; enough lively astute and well-crafted fiction has been included to suggest the richness of the story-telling tradition in Canada.

In its entirety, however, the issue (13/14. 144pp. £2.50) is far from satisfactory. The terse editorial by Katherine Govier makes no attempt to place her choice of writing in any

context, nor to discuss the radical growth of Canadian literature over the last twenty-five years. Amazingly, "all that is going on in Canada" turns out to exclude all writings in French, even in translation, as well as work by any English-language writers from the province of Quebec. Above all, the poems rarely match the quality of most of the prose. A few of them are simply bad. The anthology has yet to be compiled that would do justice to the best twelve or fifteen poets in Canada while granting silence to the many, many others. It should also be observed that Govier's ingenious remark, "Several of the poems and stories have appeared before in Canada", tells somewhat less than the truth; a more accurate phrase would have been "a clear majority".

Mark Abley

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Mark Abley

Author, Author

Competition No 138

Readers are invited to identify the sources of the three quotations which follow and to send us the answers so that they reach this office no later than September 23. A prize of £10 is offered for the first correct set of answers not opened on that date, or failing that, the most nearly correct, in which case inspired guesswork will also be taken into consideration.

Entries, marked "Author, Author 138" on the envelope, should be addressed to the Editor, *The Times Literary Supplement*, Portico House, St John's Lane, London EC1M 4BX. The solution and results will appear on September 30.

1. He hath also a drink called cauphe, which is made of a brown berry, and it may be called their clubbing drink between meals, which, though it be not very useful to the palate yet it is very comfortable to the stomach and good for the sight.

2. There came in my time to the College one Nathaniel. Gónopolos, out of Greece. . . . He was the first I ever saw, drink coffee; which came not into England till thirty years later.

3. Still, she led the too inquisitive twins and made them join in the game of hunt-the-slipper, which had been organized by one of her colleagues at the other end of the room.

"Run along now and have your cup of coffee solution, dear," she said to the other nurse.

Competition No 139

Winners: Patricia M. Ball

Answers:

1. Here and there among the

foundations one might still find evidence of the Majestic's former splendour: the great number of cast-iron bathtubs, for instance, which had tumbled from one blazing floor to another until they hit the earth; two bad-framed also, some of them not altogether rusted away; and a simply prodigious number of basins and lavatory bowls. At intervals along the outer walls there is testimony to the stupendous heat of the fire: one cast-iron small pools of crystals formed in layers like the drips of wax from a candle, which gathered there, of course, from the melting of the windows.

J. G. Farrell, *Troubles*, part 1.

2. A cloud, hitherto unseen, came upon the moon, and hovered an instant like a dark hand before a face. The illusion went with it, and the lights in the windows were extinguished. I looked upon a desolate shell, soulless at last, unhaunted, with no whisper of the past about its staring walls.

The house was a sepulchre, our fear and suffering lay buried in the ruins. Daphne du Maurier, *Rebecca*, chapter 1.

3. The lawn, the grounds were trodden and waste the portal yawned void. The front was a shell like wall, very high and very fragile-looking, perforated with paneless windows, no roof, no battlements, no chimneys — all had crumbled.

And there was a silence of death about it, the solitude of a lonesome wild.

Charlotte, Brontë, *Jane Eyre*, chapter 36.

commentary

Theatre about theatre

P. N. Furbank

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
Hamlet, Macbeth, Henry IV
Riverside Studios, Hammersmith

According to the Compagnia del Collettivo di Parma, whose staging, in Italian, of *Hamlet, Macbeth* and *Henry IV* was part of the London International Festival of Theatre, it is no good asking Shakespeare to speak for us today (we must speak for ourselves) nor is it any good dragging him screaming into the modern world. If his work still has meaning for us it is simply as an irritation, or thorn in the flesh. It half take the sense of this, but only half, so let me plunge straight into the actual experience, three moments of it in particular.

The first is in *Macbeth*. A "Prologue" stumbingly reads out the plot of the play, as retailed by Simon Forman, whereupon a bird-like punk (the national) stage squawking "E' troppo facile cominciare così!" (It's too easy, beginning that way!).

Purposely, she or he grabs the clothes off Macbeth's and Banquo's backs, soaks them in a vast washing-tub, and slaps them back on their shoulders, and by flashes of lightning we see the men wrestling with their dripping garments. So much for "So foul and fair a day" — like most of Shakespeare's metaphors treated literally here (it is, after all, going only one step further than Wilson Knight). The actors then retire to an open living-house at the back of the stage, to rub themselves down, while the action proceeds in other enclaves of the stage, which is partitioned off like a film-studio. A theatrical joke is apparent in this. It is not Beethoven's Tree's live rabbits, Peter Hall's nude Rhinemaidens, for the consequences are faithfully

followed through. These are real people getting really wet and doing what people really have to do in such circumstances — change their clothes.

This is a leading feature of this company's work: they are continually, and in full view, changing their costume — Polonius, for instance, hastily exchanging his fur-trimmed conjuror's overcoat for Laertes's scruffy and cockeyed Bersagliere rig-out. They take as their model the Players' scene in *Hamlet*, focus their *Henry IV* on the role-swapping scene, and allow their *Macbeth*, which has already shown a tendency to disintegrate, to wind up abruptly at the "poor player" soliloquy, as being the speech which "says it all". This is, in fact, theatre about theatre, and of course it reminds us of another famous *Enrico IV*. But we do not need the hint, for Pirandello's shadow lies long over these productions — much longer, to my mind, than that of Brecht or Artaud. It is easy to imagine a play by Pirandello entitled *E' troppo facile cominciare così!*

Now for the second experience. In *Henry IV* there is a "theatre" area, defined by a heavy brocade curtain; and, remote from this, Falstaff, seated at a café-table, buttonholes a group of the audience about his wartime experiences. As he does so the "theatre" area lights up and the insomniac King appears, dressed in magnificent Japanese-style robes. The auditorium is flooded with "pathos" music (Prokofiev?) distorted and amplified to a howl; and the actor, in true Player-King style, advances jerkily across the frontier separating the "theatre" from Falstaff's "realist" territory. (We may now drop the inverted commas) and it put me in mind of Lindsay Kemp's *Salome*, which is rich in such lavish but simple inventions. The third experience comes after "Act 1" of *Macbeth* has ended with the murder of Duncan. "Act 2" begins with



Costume design by Maria Björnson for Janček's *From the House of the Dead*. From the exhibition reviewed below.

a little Chaplinesque ballet, in which the couriers and their new king, both on their best behaviour, nervously inspect their own appearance — sniff their own armpits, hitch their striped trousers, and repeatedly check their flies. The turn is led by the same fine actor, tall and a little resembling James Joyce, who was so effective as King Henry. (I tried to find out his name but, faithful to the principles of a Collective, nobody could or would tell me it). It is in this theatrical moment, though, that doubts arise. For, reject traditions of Shakespeare production as much as you will, you are still tied by tradition unless you can do the same with acting styles.

How can any style hope to carry such a vast superstructure of ideas as it is here asked to? You are told to find in these productions an expression or our own (reported) nihilism, "derision" and metaphysical despair. We are to respond to the dialectical structure of the three productions: to see *Hamlet* as a man who, though the times are out of joint, tries to understand them by means of the existing conceptual apparatus; to see *Macbeth* — antithetically — as a realization of pure "terrorist" action in all its negativity; and in *Henry IV* we are to find at least one character (Prince Hal) who manages to

synthesize thought with action. Nor is this the end, for in certain individual scenes we are to perceive three dialectical "moments": the "habitational" the "quotidian" and the "quotidian sublimating itself into abstraction". We are to see *Hamlet* as "What's Cuba to him, or he to Cuba?" reflects *Hamlet* wondering, as the Player, with tears, recites a passage from Pausanias about prostitutes, Marx and history.

It is doubtful whether such a political culture can be made to grow on the corpse of Shakespeare. It is hard to banish the feeling that Shakespeare himself, and not just birdology, is being "sent up" — funnily, as in the scenes described above; unfunnily when, at Claudius's touch on the shoulder, *Hamlet* (a stylized "man of '68" in jeans and knitted headwarmer) spews a large quantity of yoghurt; and fairly funnily when *Hamlet* later drowns Ophelia by ducking her head in an enamel kitchen washbowl. *Henry IV* worked far and away better than the rest. The company had separated out one strong element in the play, the anti-heroic one, and it served as a support to them to rough all their sometimes stumbling, sometimes dazzling, improvisations.

still. Miss York has never been lovelier, not acted with more troubled and troubling intensity than in this play.

It is the great merit of *Agnes of God* that it avoids the trap into which nearly all contemporary theatre falls, that is, the temptation to gain a facile interest and a factitious realism by dealing merely with contemporary social difficulties. But Pielmeier does his best to hide his own virtues, and to conceal the true nature of his own play. Titles are not everything, but few people can be expected to remember that one of the many things that *The Charterhouse of Parma* is not about is the Charterhouse of Parma; and that Rob Roy is not the hero of *Rob Roy*. They are likely to suppose that, because it is called *Agnes of God*, the chief concern of the play will be whether Agnes did, or did not, commit murder, and that once the question is answered, all interest in the work vanishes. But if this were so, *Agnes of God* would be no more than just another mystery play, with Martha Livingstone in the role of a detective employing an unusual and on the whole somewhat unacceptable technique.

The problem that the play sets is whether Dr Livingstone will acknowledge, as the miracle she demands before she will believe, Agnes's divine conception of a child. She is given an opportunity of finding out whether her proclaimed optimism is a fact or a delusion, a grasp at salvation or an avoidance of reality. Frank Hauser has directed the play with great subtlety, and balanced hysteria and quietness so that their equilibrium never fails. He sees to it that there are no questions which can be easily answered. Both Miss Blackman, and Miss Reynolds, as Miss York's "bowdlerement admirably

In depth

Harold Hobson

JOHN PIELMEIER
Agnes of God
Greenwich Theatre

The outstanding feature of John Pielmeier's *Agnes of God* is the performance of Susanah York as a psychiatric deviant of religious faith who nevertheless cannot live without the play, and here is the last show. It is to the others that the big dramatic revelations are given: to the Mother Superior (Honor Blackman) of the convent in which the action takes place, who reveals that she has been a married woman, and has children who hate her; but above all, to the young novice Agnes (Hilary Reynolds) who, in fits of hysteria, turns out to have had a child born of God whom she strangles with a piece of cord.

It is these unusual people and events (sensational enough to have satisfied Shakespeare or Ford) that Miss York's *Agnes of God* is called on to fittings, is represented here by his (admittedly stunning) honeycomb design for *Oedipus Rex* only.

Many things, of course, are unveiled, although a series of falls by some of the designers may give away a few secrets. The photographs, reveal a model's accuracy and atmosphere but disasters are all too familiar to designers. The concept is one thing: the execution is quite another. Also the lighting designer is not mentioned, though in many of the shows represented here his contribution would have been important. There are hardly any ballet designs and the most shameful absence of all is the lack of any design from the Royal Opera House. The exhibition runs until September 17.

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and *The Rape of Lucrece*. "The tragedy of Hamlet prince of Denmark" is the running title throughout the earliest known text, the 1603 Quarto, which also names Shakespeare as its author. The play had already been registered in 1602 as "acted by the Lord Chamberlain's servants," that is, yet again Shakespeare's own company.

To all this the Arden editor inexplicably prefers Kyd's *Hamlet*, which sounds like the mare's nest it is. In Arden, this conjectural interpretation of Nashe's phrase "the Kludge in Aescop", some fifty words later than his comment on *Hamlet*, seems "highly probable", outside, in the light of the facts, it looks wholly unconvincing. An even higher flight of Arden imagination is its claim that *Hamlet* Q1 1603 was "conclusively demonstrated" by Duthie in 1941 (a long time to wait) to be just a "reconstruction" of the very different and far more famous second Quarto of 1623, apparently with some help from the 1623 Folio text which he imagined, as usual, to have been already in existence and available for the purpose. But again Duthie's book is just as avowedly speculative as Alexander's, with its own cast of curiously composite characters such as a "narrator-actor", an "actor-reporter" and a "reporter-verifier". Groundlings will see these too as needless entities, like the theory itself. The Arden editor sportingly points to one, if only one, of its gaping flaws. If Q2 was really reconstructed into Q1, then the reconstructors fearfully reconstructed Polonius into Corambis and his servant Reynaldo into Montano. In Arden, "no satisfactory solution has ever been suggested". Outside, anybody can suggest one straight away, namely that this whole reconstruction theory is gratuitous nonsense. In the real world, an inferior text dated 1603 will probably precede, not follow, a better one dated 1604 or 1623; and of course it was the author who changed the names of his characters. Why?

Even Duthie cites the "not unreasonable conjecture" that Corambis was too recognizably a caricature of

Sir William Cecil. If so, perhaps there was a Latin pun on "coram-bis" and "caecilia" (from "caecus")? Then Montano would be an even more obvious allusion to Cecil's secretary Michael (Hickes), who is addressed as "Mythie" in a 1592 letter from the Earl of Southampton's secretary. We can all too easily make a Montano out of a Myhill. I add such comparatively petty points to concede that embroidery may be permissible if duly distinguished from what is material. Only its incorporation weakens the fabric of argument.

There are some 400 lines peculiar to *Hamlet* Q1. That gives a total 2,550 anonymous lines in four Quarto texts, each closely related to a Shakespeare play. A: those lines were produced by poetical pirates in the process of memorial reconstruction. B: they were written by a playwright in the process of writing a play. Take away imagination, and that leaves B. For A purposes, we have further to imagine four different acts of piracy, on four different bases, with four different results, at four different times between 1590 and 1603, by a dozen different procedures and agents, all equally unknown to any contemporary record. The B proposal points to one poet at one time, with documented testimony to his identity from Greene, who knew him and his work well. In world A, actors produce Bad Quartos from their bad memories and bad behaviour; in B, tolerable texts from professional memories and civilized behaviour. In both worlds, one of these actors was Shakespeare himself. In both worlds, each of those 2,550 lines—enough for a whole new play—must have been written by a writer and conveyed to a compositor. In both worlds, one writer keeps on showing the same hand.

A *Shrew* was notorious for its repetitiveness and its allusions to Marlowe. Alexander identified stylistic fingerprints in the lines peculiar to *Contention* and *True Tragedy*—repetitiveness, and allusions to Marlowe. Those lines also echo Greene. Dover Wilson identified stylistic fingerprints in *Titus*

Andronicus—repetitiveness, the influence of Marlowe and Greene, and the presence of *Shrew*. But this repetitive writer who echoed Marlowe and Greene and Peele was in fact the young Shakespeare—the same Shakespeare who at the same period was publicly pilloried as a plagiarist from Marlowe, and Greene, and Peele. And this same Shakespeare strongly resembles the pirate-poet apprehended by Duthie in *Hamlet* Q1 behaving very suspiciously, for example by plundering (of all sources) the 1589 text. This suspect too has obligingly left his fingerprints, and Duthie has duly identified them. "One of his marked characteristics is a tendency to repeat phrases." Further, upon the *Shrew* (also shows) he is familiar (as Duthie also shows) with Shakespeare's style of punctuation, with the unpublished text of *Twelfth Night*, and with other Folio plays, in minute detail. As anyone can check, he also exhibits the characteristics of the history and comedy Quartos as defined above. Who can he possibly have been? His identikit picture is worth a closer look. In three different scholarly hypotheses, advanced by three independent theorists whose views are all in violent disagreement, these strikingly similar features are being discerned and described. They belong to a poet or poets who (like Shakespeare, as it happens) drew vivid pen-pictures of faces and their literal or figurative expressions; and these in turn may offer further clues to identification.

"Proud Protector, envy in thy eyes I see! The big-swollen venom of thy hateful heart! (Contention); 'What fatal malignant frowns from heaven?' (*True Tragedy*); 'And golden summer sleeps upon thy cheeks' (*A Shrew*); 'With a face like Vulcan/A look fit for a murder and a rape/A dull-dead hanging look and a hell-bred eye/To affright children and amaze the world' (*Hamlet* Q1). Who penned those stage commonplaces of the period? Poetic apprentices inadvertently indentured to various pirate bands every other leap year, in accordance with a widespread and protracted practice that no one ever heard of. Or, less imaginatively, William Shakespeare.

Wrong side outward

Inga-Stina Ewbank

LISA JARDINE
Still Harping on Daughters: Women and Drama in the Age of Shakespeare
202pp. Harvester Press. £18.95.
0 7108 0436 9

John Marston's *The Fawn*, splendidly revived by the National Theatre (and reviewed in the *TLS*, July 29), is not one of the plays drawn on by Lisa Jardine in her study of female characters and their relation to beliefs about women in the period. But one or two scenes in that play helped me to understand why I felt fascinated by her book as cultural history and depressed by it as dramatic criticism.

At one point in *The Fawn*, the "bald fool" Dondolo lists the few remaining passengers in his ship of fools: among them "a few critics" and in particular one who has worn himself out in the study of the problem "why *mentula* [penis] should be the feminine gender, since the rule is *Propria quæ maribus tribuuntur masculina dicuntur*". In the new questions, with cultural as well as philological roots, have proved a good deal more significant than Marston might have imagined. Lisa Jardine is healthily sceptical of the strategies by which feminist criticism has so far appropriated Shakespeare; and she writes in anger—also, as style and proof-reading suggest, in some haste—at "the apparent inability of such critics to break with the conventions of orthodox Shakespeare criticism". The sins of the past apparently fall into two "schools": in one of which, somewhat implausibly, Anne Barton and Juliet Dusinberre stand together, for the "perfectly reflecting glass" approach (ie, assuming Shakespeare's skill of portraying women realistically) and another, represented by a number of recent American gender-critics, taking on the "distorted masculine view" (ie, Shakespeare was willy-nilly a male chauvinist). As the slightly awkward title of her book would seem to suggest, Lisa Jardine introduces her own approach with a certain amount of irony, but this is dissipated by the claim of offering "a feminist criticism appropriate to the 1600s" and disappears altogether in the establishment of a new orthodoxy. She discovers identical "patriarchal" assumptions about women in the social history of the period and in its literature, particularly in the plays of Shakespeare and his contemporaries. Much of the religious, educational, legal and medical background material is fascinating and, if not new (for her sources are often unashamedly second-hand), newly synthesized. It is the ultimate synthesis, of background and text, which depresses: when the new "rule" clashes as momentarily with perceived dramatic effects as does Dondolo's critic's rule of grammar with his *mentula*.

This is not so say that it is not a scholarly book. Though one may not agree that the persistent allegorizing of the Queen was in the cause of obscuring her non-maleness, Lisa Jardine produces convincing evidence that the Elizabethan age was not one of incipient female emancipation, and that it saw and used the woman question as an objective correlative for a general social unease and uncertainty. But, with all respect to her learned arguments, the author could have learnt a lesson from another scene in *The Fawn* where the disguised Duke draws out a self-proclaimed but bogus Don Juan by holding forth, in a highly stereotyped fashion, on the sensuality of women; and where Nymphador, one of the lightweight courtiers, missing the irony and wishing to show that he knows the rules of the game, tries to top it all: "By Jove, women are but men turned the wrong side outward". The same failure to evaluate what is said in terms of speaker, tone and overall context leads, in the book, to a series of readings of plays which all too often turn them, like Nymphador's women, the wrong side outward. Of course, the categorical assumption that the plays on the Elizabethan and Jacobean stage were written out of stereotyped beliefs about women for identical attitudes in the audience solves a great many critical problems.

Taking Candide's line "So our leader led/And we are women's men" as the sum of the play, it is easy to conclude that in *Antony and Cleopatra*, "as in *Troilus and Cressida*, female sexuality has man unnaturally in its thrall... Antony is ravished by Cleopatra [what gender *mentula* now?], therefore the heroic Antony must meet his end." *Macbeth*, if we remember the tradition and forget about the individual talent, becomes a play on the failure of taming a shrew: Lady Macbeth's tremendous speeches are those of the "perennially threatening woman". And, though Macbeth is threatened enough to commit murder, "the male member of the audience" (no pun intended?) is suitably reassured that nothing is here for tears: "No woman of his will ever get out of hand, and hence the representation is equally a source of delight." *King Lear* offers no problem if we know the stereotype that female silence equals virtue; and on the same score, also remembering that the tongue is the woman's *mentula*, Desdemona's culpability resolves the issue of Othello's heroism: her backchat with Iago establishes her as the traditional shrew, and "Iago's own insidious tongue has only to play on these traditional fears lurking beneath female 'mystery' to rouse Othello to full jealousy, and finally murder." After many such "onlys"—including Hamlet's fear of being displaced in the line of succession by a child of Gertrude and Claudio (never mind the elective monarchy, or Gertrude's age), or Isabella's failure, according to the "patriarchy", to live up to standards of all those female saints who humbly suffered sexual assault—one begins to long for some of the despised "orthodox Shakespeare criticism".

Perhaps one longs most of all for a sense that the audience was, as it is, able to distinguish between what a character says and what the play shows. "Only men," we are told, "surround the Duchess [of Malfi]; the audience can do little more than accept their version of her behaviour and motives." Apparently the dramatic key to *The Duchess of Malfi* lies in Ferdinand's version of the Duchess—she marries for lust—as that to *Othello* lies in Iago's vision of Desdemona. By this rule, the comedy heroines fare badly, too, the wittier the more shrewish. Kate and Beatrice equally "struggle into the hearts of the men around them, although their witty dialogue seems to the modern audience charming and alert". No use referring to their sex-appeal, for in the first chapter—and the one I find most difficult to swallow—Lisa Jardine argues that the erotic interest in the boy actors impersonating women is homosexual and that the female figures in Shakespeare's comedies, especially when dressed up as boys, appeal to the audience as "wanton female boys". Apart from being based on dubiously selective evidence—the chief anti-dramatic authority is the rabidly anti-theatrical John Rainolds—this would seem to beg several questions: what about the differences between public and private theatres? and, indeed, what about the logical connection with the rest of the book's argument? Does Rosalind in *As You Like It*, whose tongue (male or female) is so agile, raise primitive fears of misrule, damn herself as a shrew, or appeal to latent homosexuality?

Of course it is important that we should take a realistic and informed view of Elizabethan philosophies of women, her sexual appetite, her procreative function, her legal position, and so on. But it is also important not to let this view overshadow what our experiences in the theatre and in the study (even while reading "orthodox" criticism) tell us: that the great dramatists work by both using and questioning, according to their dramatic needs, traditions and stereotypes.

Paul J. Alpers's 1967 study *The Poetry of "The Faerie Queene"* has recently been reprinted (415pp. University of Missouri Press. Paperback £12.00/\$26.95). Among the topics considered are, "The Rhetorical Mode of Spenser's Narrative," "Interpretation and the Sixteenth-Century Reader," "Spenser's Poetic Language," "Spenser's Use of Aristotle," and "The Nature of Spenser's Allegory."

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collected here and published separately - Rousseau here emulates the tutor of his own *Emile*, mapping out an education not just according to Nature, but of Nature herself.

Of course Rousseau's masterpieces of this period are his *Confessions* and *Réveries*, the one stripping bare a troubled life progressively estranged from the artificial world of his contemporaries, the other rendering whole an uncultivated life of solitary contemplation. Each of these works is in its style free of the agitation, which infects the *Dialogues* (written between them), and by his last days Rousseau had even achieved a blissful peace of mind in his daily affairs, so long sought and so much frustrated by his own delusions. It is fitting that almost his final and perhaps his most eloquent lines, written on Palm Sunday 1778, should recall his first meeting, fifty years earlier, with his greatest love, Mme de Warens, in whose arms and with whose help his mature identity had been formed.

There is much new material here, drawn from archives all over Europe, as well as the US and Canada. Among letters published for the first time are one by Linnaeus, acknowledging Rousseau's praise of his botanical taxonomy, another by Burney, concurring with Rousseau's preference for Italian over French music, a third by the elder Deluc, in 1772 still frustrated by the prohibition against public discussion in Geneva of Rousseau's *Lettres de la montagne*. Since these volumes embrace a period of his life during which he finally did at least attempt to keep to his reiterated vow to stop writing it is sad but not odd that Leigh has located only a handful of new letters from his last four or five years which Rousseau penned himself. But as the extent of his own correspondence declines so the significance of first and second-hand observations about him increases, and the four tomes are replete with previously unknown evidence of his activities and behaviour, found, for instance, in letters from Needham to Bonnet, the Desfosses to Deluc and - perhaps above all - a substantial archive of commentary addressed to Bodmer by Meister.

Tresome eavesdroppers, invertebrate onlookers and parasitic gossips with ambitions of their own are here marshalled in force, with reports, or tales, of Rousseau's conversation, demeanour and domestic life. Some find his eyes still piercing but his mind a little vague. He cannot even recall the substance of his writings, states the importunate Nicolas Bérard, who in 1775 forced his way into the old man's home and interrogated him about them. Yet about the future he appears to be in no doubt, the writer concludes, since he remarks (incidentally recapitulating a passage from *Emile*) that we are approaching a great revolution, of which today's tranquillity is but the terrible stillness before the storm.

The familiar names of Rousseau's old friends and associates abound in these pages as well. Some, like Boissieu - who incautiously inquires whether Rousseau's suspicions of betrayal include him as well - seem almost determined to put an end to his affection. Others, like Mme de La Tour, remain so infatuated with their hero that his perennial rebuffs serve only to render their love more hardy, with his express wish to be rid of them just reconfirmation of their need to persist. Rousseau's true enemies, as ever, alternate between fear of his eloquent malice and libelation of his disfigurement. Mme d'Épinay, on the one hand, implodes, saying, the Lieutenant General of Police, to put a stop to Rousseau's private readings of his defamatory *Confessions*. Voltaire, on the other hand, refuses Jean-Jacques's proffered subscription to his statue, and in 1776 welcomes an unfounded rumour of Rousseau's demise, attributed not to the dog which had in fact just knocked him down, but rather to the air within him, whose penetrating had made him suffer himself to death. "C'est peu de chose qu'un philosophe", Voltaire concludes about his later ego of his age.

A good many of Rousseau's correspondents during these years, and others simply mentioned in despatches, are here properly identified for the first time. Jean Maydiou thus achieves immortality only on account of Rousseau's interest in this young clergyman's work. Maydiou's own letter, having disappeared without trace, Monsieur

de Villepatour, who merely offered Rousseau a gift he declined, has the story of his life rescued as well. The puzzling Monsieur de Franquière, inactive member of the Parlement of Grenoble, will henceforth be spared the incognizance of befuddled scholars, and never again can the vegetarian comte de Saint-Étienne be confused with any of his three younger cousins of the same name. With infinite patience and magisterial skill Leigh has traced even the genealogies of such shadowy figures, whose attraction to the great men of their age offers us new insights into the byways and refractions of Enlightenment thought.

The identity of some of the persons who appear in these volumes has of course been established before, but seldom in such detail, and there are no more exact biographies available, for instance, of Coignot, the composer and collaborator of Rousseau's *Pygmalion*, or Ducis, the author and transcriber of Shakespeare, or indeed the marquis de Girardin, who offered Rousseau his last refuge and later proved reluctant to part with either his papers or corpse. Specially important here are the notes devoted to a whole new generation of correspondents, admirers and aspiring acolytes, who, like Barbier de Neuville, became functionaries of the state during the French Revolution, or like Beaux de Maguelie, suffered its decapitating wrath. The extensive notes of these four volumes in particular, and the last above all, open up rich new seams which point in the direction of Rousseau's impact on Revolutionary and Napoleonic France. Together with the many hundreds of biographies peppered throughout the earlier volumes they comprise one of the most extraordinary achievements of this edition.

The appendices, too, are as rich and authoritative as ever, disposing of some hoary myths about Rousseau and bringing to light new secrets teased out of great and obscure archives. Mme de Staël's mischievous claim that Jean-Jacques took his own life is shown to be groundless in the light of the very evidence she adduced herself. The blinkered son of Richard Edgeworth comes off badly as well, for always insisting that everything line must be English; he has a propensity towards party prejudice, Rousseau complains, a prophecy which the senior Edgeworth later reflects was proved right. Thanks to Leigh there may now be cause to doubt whether Rousseau really did pay homage to Buffon by throwing himself down and kissing the threshold of the great naturalist's door. The last appendices, which bring us to July 1778, include some previously unpublished reports on the circumstances of Rousseau's death.

Yet his end scarcely brings this correspondence to a close, since there are five supplementary volumes now in press covering the period up to 1800, with the critical apparatus to follow. Like Rousseau himself, whose life's work was undertaken "sans consulter mes forces", Professor Leigh has throughout rather underestimated the scale of his enterprise, which has proved as unsuited to impetuous subscribers as was Voltaire's statue. It is, however, a monument of incomparably greater value, for it comprises the finest achievement of all Rousseau's scholarship - indeed, the most distinguished single-handed contribution ever undertaken in Enlightenment studies.

With so much previously unknown material, both here and in the excellent Pelé edition of Rousseau's works still in progress, a new biography seems not only appropriate but required. Jean Guhenno's sparkling infiltration of Rousseau's mind is scarcely accurate enough or of the right form to pass as a biography, and Lester Crocker's much more reliable account, although compelling and remarkable in many respects, too seldom acknowledged, was assembled without access to some important information and occasionally penetrates Rousseau's motives so profoundly that it leads readers through him to the other side.

Maurice Cranston wisely reserves his excavations for his sources, and he is the first of Rousseau's modern biographers in any language to have studied them in depth. This alone is no mean undertaking, since the documents are scattered in several public archives and private collections containing tens of thousands of pages of testimony, diverse manuscripts of the *Confessions* and of Rousseau's major and minor

works; official papers drafted by Rousseau and others circulated about him; the mountainous correspondence he conducted and received; and other contemporary memoranda and reports about him addressed to third parties. His biographers have never suffered from a lack of evidence, which, however, a good many have thought fit to ignore. Professor Cranston has meticulously searched it out, and his account of the period up to 1754 in this first of two projected volumes greatly profits from his familiarity with the relevant papers.

That gain is shared with his readers in a rather striking way. If only because the sources have been uncovered and published in other formats before (by scholars to whom Cranston pays tribute), the substantial material to which this work is based does not yield up much new information about the circumstances of Rousseau's life, and to that extent alone Cranston's splendid earlier study of John Locke here remains unsurpassed. Yet a full appreciation of the manuscripts is indispensable to an understanding of Rousseau's style of composition. For ever redrafting and reshaping his prose, in constant pursuit of the correct line and metre, Rousseau, as has been remarked before, was the Flaubert of the eighteenth century, no less in his *Confessions* and correspondence than in his other writings. Cranston is the first of his biographers to have properly grasped the fact that our main source of testimony about his life is itself one of his principal artistic achievements. In piecing together appropriate variants and fragments of the *Confessions* Cranston therefore sets out to recapture discrete moments of Rousseau's formation as a writer, while also addressing himself to the same documents as historical evidence. It is a measure of his own commanding style - incisive, buoyant and with the scholarship which informs it always lightly worn - that he has here managed not just to produce a gloss of the texts but to lend them new vitality.

Cranston's reassemblage of evidence from a wide range of sources also inspires fuller portraits than Rousseau himself provides of a number of central figures in his life. The description of his father - charming to women, entranced by books, and with

frustrated ambitions above his allotted station - is particularly well drawn. The imprudently generous Mme de Warens, whose financial and political schemes drove first her husband and then herself into bankruptcy, also receives the richly sympathetic treatment she merits. Perhaps it was not quite her aim to introduce the Industrial Revolution to the Swiss Canton of Vaud, but she was certainly too enterprising and liberated for her day, and her sweet love for Rousseau actually accompanied a more genuine concern for his welfare than his own passionate devotion prompted for her. Equally illuminating are the observations here on Rousseau's view of social barriers: some, like that fancied by the comte de Montagu, he would not tolerate; others, like that due to Mme de Broglie's noble birth, left him in awe; still others, most notably the divide which Thérèse Levasseur was powerless to scale, attracted him to persons of seemingly transparent disposition uncorrupted by rank.

While reconstituting portraits of figures first drawn by Rousseau, Cranston also retraces their author's steps. Thus he sheds fresh light on the upper and lower quarters of the not so democratic city of Geneva; on church music which Rousseau discovered in Turin and street music he relished in Venice; above all, perhaps, on the orchards and meadows of the valley of Les Charmettes where he spent his happiest days. This work is as much a guide to the geography of Rousseau's travels and the architecture of his destinations as to the vagabondage of his own mind, and it brings his outer and inner worlds together with exemplary skill.

The most difficult task of his biographers is undoubtedly that of resolving how best to deal with his works, especially when their themes do not spring directly from his pleasure in travels or his personal engagements and exchanges with his contemporaries. To grant most of his major writings the critical exposition due to them requires at least a change of scene and a displacement of Rousseau's life and all its attendant woes from the stage. To treat the writings as secondary to the main plot neglects the cardinal feature of his career and risks

losing the interest of all who rightly demand to know what he stands for.

In this regard the chapters here on Rousseau's moral philosophy and on his early works about music and language are brilliantly written, elaborating the themes within and around the *Discours sur les sciences et les arts* and the *Lettre sur la musique française* at just the right depth and tempo to sustain the style and balance of the biography as a whole. But since the conception of both of these texts happens to be intimately related to circumstances in Rousseau's life at the time, and since each figure in the important controversies in which he became embroiled, they point in the direction of a path along which Cranston is enabled to recount the development of their main ideas scarcely without pause or digression from his narrative. With the *Discours sur l'inegalité*, however - rightly credited as the most profound of Rousseau's early writings - we arrive at a composition whose intricate textual complexities resist a mainly biographical interpretation. Of necessity, then, Cranston gets to grips with the argument, and does so admirably. But references to Rousseau's life, *Confessions* and correspondence are scarcely in evidence in this chapter, which, as a straightforward discussion of the work's meaning, appears unavoidably brief and compressed.

The same problem may prove intractable for some of Rousseau's other writings, on which Cranston must comment in the second volume, where his difficulties will be compounded by the facts that most of the major works date from a later period and that he will then have to add at least thirty-eight volumes of correspondence to his collection of sources. If the task which remains is daunting, however, that is predominantly because of the standard Cranston has already set. This first volume comprises the finest general biography of Rousseau published since the *Confessions*, and the most outstanding achievement of Professor Cranston's own distinguished career. Besieged by so many real and imagined enemies Rousseau would have rejoiced at the friends he has lately won, at least in the best quarters of the world of scholarship.

Towards the absolute

John Cruickshank

J.S.T. GARFITT

The Work and Thought of Jean Garfitt (1896-1971)
187pp. Modern Humanities Research Association. £16.50.
0 900547 87 1

Jean Grenier's considerable philosophical and literary output, together with his art criticism, is virtually unknown and unpublished in Great Britain. Those who know his name (and probably little more) do so chiefly because of the high regard in which he was held, as a teacher and friend, by Camus. He was a modest, but distinctive and original, thinker and writer. We must be grateful to J.S.T. Garfitt for this sensitive and intelligent commentary on his work.

I suspect that Grenier is not widely known here for several reasons. For one thing, he chose the lyrical and meditative essay as his main medium of expression rather than the drama or the novel. He therefore wrote out of a rather different literary tradition from our own and is as undeservedly neglected on this side of the Channel as such distinguished French essayists of this century as Alain or Guhenno. Furthermore, Grenier is too "spiritual" for the professional philosophers of the English-speaking world. He is too inclined to link philosophy with actual moral dilemmas and not sufficiently sceptical in his attitude to metaphysics. On the other hand, the English literary tradition finds him either too "philosophical" or too frequently drawn to the essay, a literary form poorly regarded by many English publishers. In the end, as Dr Garfitt points out, Grenier's insistence on the reality and importance of the spiritual dimension of life means that he is too much of a mystic to be taken seriously by the literary world.

As Gaston Picon put it, he wrote against "the grain of the century".

Inevitably, there are aspects of Grenier's thought which recall one or two fashionable doctrines, such as existentialism. However, although he can be seen as a "philosopher of existence" in the sense in which this term could be applied to Merleau-Ponty or Sartre, he is fundamentally different from them because of his insistence on the necessity of metaphysics. In fact, the two poles of his thought are the Absolute and the Human, and his philosophical ideas show clear links with Schopenhauer and Bergson, as well as with such relatively little-known French philosophers of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries as Renouvier, Leclercq and Brunschwig.

Garfitt sees Grenier as a "chrétien philosophe" (as distinct from a "philosophe chrétien"), and although he admits that his Christian faith is not very explicit in his writings, he properly states that "Grenier cannot be called non-Christian or anti-Christian". One has a sense in reading Grenier that truth is glimpsed in his writings rather than fully attained - this is the least attractive aspect of his thought. There is nothing dogmatic about his writing. Indeed, it is often elusive, delicate, modestly speculative - the kind of thought that is better expressed by poetry and intuition than by rationality and logic. It is heuristic rather than didactic. While he insists that the essentially contingent human spirit tends necessarily towards the Absolute, he leaves this Absolute undefined and suggests that "once the human spirit has recognized the Absolute, the initial intuition of contingency becomes a despairing acceptance of its utter unattainability, with the exception of moments of illumination".

It is clear that Grenier was fascinated for much of his life by Indian and Chinese thought. The Oriental concept

of the Absolute encourages an indifference and a concentration on the inner life to which he responded strongly. Garfitt expounds well his response to the Buddhist and Brahmanic traditions, as well as his debt to Taoism. He shows how the historical fact of Taoism "served to legitimize Grenier's intuition of the Absolute and its claims", setting him free to explore Western forms of mystical indifference "by providing him with an absolute criterion against which to measure them". It is no surprise, too, that Grenier was attracted by "oriental methods of thought" which are anecdotal and parabolic rather than abstract and discursive.

In a short chapter on Grenier and Camus, Garfitt suggests that the former showed the latter the possibility of combining an instinct for moral philosophy with the practice of creative writing (Grenier published two novels). Nevertheless, despite certain common themes in their essays, the "centre of gravity" in the two men's thought is different. For example, the indifference which Camus saw in the external world is something hard which forces man into consciousness of his own mortality and of his need to assert his humanity. For Grenier, on the contrary, indifference can be a welcome refuge from his own humanity.

Many other aspects of Grenier's thought are discussed in this book, not least his exploration of the problems of freedom and choice. The fact that he investigated and expressed such problems through both metaphysics and art is another indication of a general outlook which, despite their differences, recalls the broad approach of his friend and pupil Camus.

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Before the art of cunning

Thomas Sutcliffe

ITALO CALVINO

Adam, One Afternoon and other stories

Translated by Archibald Colquhoun and Peggy Wright

190pp. 0 436 08273 X

Marcovaldo or The Seasons in the city

Translated by William Weaver

121pp. 0 436 08272 1

Secker and Warburg. £7.95 each.

What does Italo Calvino want us to know? Asked of almost any other writer the question would probably seem crassly unspecific or simply irrelevant, but it retains a particular pertinacity with regard to Calvino. He wants us to know that he is not a writer who wants to persuade us to accept certain patterns in which knowledge might be placed. He is, perhaps, the least dogmatic of writers, and yet by virtue of that openness he is acutely susceptible to a reconstruction in other forms; his books can readily be appropriated to exemplify a single thesis or ideology. Calvino doesn't appear to discourage that procedure, not in recent work at least. More than Borges and Pynchon, even, his books invite the attention of literary theorists, indeed often speak their language, and clearly share with them certain preoccupations. So it's easy to think of his colleagues as being, not other writers, but academics working in the field of literary interpretation and hermeneutics. The subject they share is the place of narrative in our lives.

Paul Ricoeur has recently suggested that "every temporal process is recognized as such only to the extent that it can, in one way or another, be recounted." As human experience, for most of us, is inseparable from temporal process, the contention leaves very little outside the empire of story. Ricoeur goes further: "No action is a beginning except in a story that it inaugurates." So narrative doesn't only identify the facts of the case, it also gives them an order without which they would be senseless. And there are arguments too that the territory of the interior is under the same jurisdiction. Donald Spence suggests in *Narrative Truth and Historical Truth* (reviewed in the TLS, August 12, 1983) that the psychoanalyst and patient are co-authors of a story which connects the violently random details of a life. It is the effectiveness of the tale, its success in replacing chaos with pattern, which finally matters, not its connection with the facts of the case. Walter Benjamin expressed something similar in his essay on storytelling: "Counsel is less an answer to a question than a proposal concerning the continuation of a story which is unfolding."

All these arguments see the irretrievably isolated details of the world as taking on a semblance of order in the variety of narratives we tell ourselves. The world doesn't contain stories waiting to be read out by writers; it is, as far as we know, formed by the ability to make plots. This would be "cognitive" enough to any writer, but Calvino has taken a special pleasure in the difficulties of the

debate. He would, I think, enjoy the suppositional etymology which derives the word *narrative* from the latin *gnarus* - knowing or skilled - and he has elaborated through his books the connections between reading, cunning, interpretation and knowledge. The real importance of his contribution is that he remains aware of the limitations of theory and preserves the value of the exception to the rule. His is an artist's knowledge, not a theorist's. He knows that pattern and order might be all that are available to us but avoids the fallacious conclusion that everything is then covered. Life evades the patterns laid down upon it, which is why narratives can never cease, and a mental ordering which proved to have no exception would freeze experience. So in Calvino's writing random detail comes to have a moral force, because it offers the only remaining resistance to theory. The two hold each other in a tension which has traditionally been preserved by the opposition of the literary theorist and the artist. Almost uniquely, Calvino maintains the balance of power within his own books, indeed often on the same page or within the same sentence. As he says: "I agree to the books being read as essential or as structural works, as Marxist or neo-Kantian, Freudian or Jungian, but above all I am glad when I see that no single key will turn the lock."

The source of Calvino's morality of narrative, and the origins of his concern with the labour of reading, lie in his passion for folk-tale. In the preface to his classic collection of Italian folk-tales, published early in his career, he expressed the opposition between identifying theory and distinguishing reality more quietly. To represent the various types of tale which recur he chose "versions that struck me as being the most characteristic, the least stereotyped, the most steeped in local colour." Without that thin defensive line of local colour what difference would there be between *characteristic* and *stereotyped*, the good and evil faces of order? Calvino also cites approvingly the Tuscan proverb, "The tale is not beautiful if nothing is added to it," which captures exactly the moment of expectancy of the folk-tale, the sense that it requires something of you which it will not name. Folk-tales remain merely dumb until you realize that you are required to complete them yourself, to fill in your own particulars.

The transformation which follows is prefigured in the magical metamorphosis which so often concludes this type of story, from frog into prince, from apparently worthless to a shining merit. It is important also that the folk-tales Calvino likes best are not parables. They have no dogma to conduct, no possessive interest in the career of their own meaning. The knowledge they convey is not information but a procedure experienced in the act of reading. They teach cunning by requiring of the reader in order to understand.

Calvino wrote at the time that they offered "a general explanation of life preserved in the slow ripening of rustic consciences, a catalogue of the potential destinies of men and women". His

later work offers something much more like a catalogue of the potential thoughts of men and women in this century. His erudition is enormous; it is hard to think of a way of thinking about the world which doesn't make a guest appearance somewhere in his books (in *Cosmicomics* he even gives a cheerful list-coming to the principle laws of physics). But none comes with the writer's authorization. The point is sharply made when Calvino offers some notes about the intellectual background to the stories collected in *Our Ancestors* (it is a feature of Calvino's modesty that he is the least mystifying of writers about his own procedures, an etiquette he shares with Eliot and Empson). Anyone who has read those fabulous *mingles* of invention and humour might find the author's suggestions bathetic: "The Cloven Viscount" is offered as an allegory of the divisions of Cold War, or "The Invisible Knight" as providing a critique of the "organization man" in a mass society. But these readings are disarming only if we take such interpretations as exclusive, and Calvino repeatedly demonstrates that rival interpretations have no force against each other. In *The Castle of Crossed Destinies* a group of travellers, magically struck dumb, tell their individual stories through the arcane and silent symbolism of the tarot pack. The book is not about communication, as none of the stories is verified; they are speculations on the part of the narrator, interpretations of the pictures and even the manner in which the cards are selected. Like the sorcerer's apprentice Calvino sets off a flow of meaning from what appears to be a limited source.

The book proves its point, the infinite capacity to invent the world and the resistance of the world to all invention. Meaning and detail are inseparable but unconnectable. A similar case is made in *On a Winter's Night a Traveller*, Calvino's most exuberant and direct account of reading. In it he makes a catalogue of the prejudices which can ever be dangerous to art. In fact no amount of elaborate theoretical discussion can prevent the ability of language to distract with description. Details, the smell and sight of onions cooking, the jealousy of a character, suddenly return after lengthy passages of abstract reflection. This resurgence of reference after reference has been declared dead is a dazzling restoration; the sadness of a consummation is instantly replaced by the return of desire.

It is perhaps improper to require the latest books to fall into line with this narrative about Calvino's concerns, but no alternative is available. In fact the publishers have arranged an intriguing flashback for his readers, because although the books come dressed in new clothes they are poor and elderly relations. Calvino explains in a note that the stories in *Marcovaldo* were written in the early 1950s, "the Italy of the neo-realistic movies", and in the mid-1960s "when the illusion of an economic boom flourished". This is more evidence of his good manners but it is hard not to read it also as a plea of mitigation, and one which is to some extent required. The stories of *Adam, One Afternoon* are largely set in the

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debate. He would, I think, enjoy the suppositional etymology which derives the word *narrative* from the latin *gnarus* - knowing or skilled - and he has elaborated through his books the connections between reading, cunning, interpretation and knowledge. The real importance of his contribution is that he remains aware of the limitations of theory and preserves the value of the exception to the rule. His is an artist's knowledge, not a theorist's. He knows that pattern and order might be all that are available to us but avoids the fallacious conclusion that everything is then covered. Life evades the patterns laid down upon it, which is why narratives can never cease, and a mental ordering which proved to have no exception would freeze experience. So in Calvino's writing random detail comes to have a moral force, because it offers the only remaining resistance to theory. The two hold each other in a tension which has traditionally been preserved by the opposition of the literary theorist and the artist. Almost uniquely, Calvino maintains the balance of power within his own books, indeed often on the same page or within the same sentence. As he says: "I agree to the books being read as essential or as structural works, as Marxist or neo-Kantian, Freudian or Jungian, but above all I am glad when I see that no single key will turn the lock."

The source of Calvino's morality of narrative, and the origins of his concern with the labour of reading, lie in his passion for folk-tale. In the preface to his classic collection of Italian folk-tales, published early in his career, he expressed the opposition between identifying theory and distinguishing reality more quietly. To represent the various types of tale which recur he chose "versions that struck me as being the most characteristic, the least stereotyped, the most steeped in local colour." Without that thin defensive line of local colour what difference would there be between *characteristic* and *stereotyped*, the good and evil faces of order? Calvino also cites approvingly the Tuscan proverb, "The tale is not beautiful if nothing is added to it," which captures exactly the moment of expectancy of the folk-tale, the sense that it requires something of you which it will not name. Folk-tales remain merely dumb until you realize that you are required to complete them yourself, to fill in your own particulars.

The transformation which follows is prefigured in the magical metamorphosis which so often concludes this type of story, from frog into prince, from apparently worthless to a shining merit. It is important also that the folk-tales Calvino likes best are not parables. They have no dogma to conduct, no possessive interest in the career of their own meaning. The knowledge they convey is not information but a procedure experienced in the act of reading. They teach cunning by requiring of the reader in order to understand.

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later work offers something much more like a catalogue of the potential thoughts of men and women in this century. His erudition is enormous; it is hard to think of a way of thinking about the world which doesn't make a guest appearance somewhere in his books (in *Cosmicomics* he even gives a cheerful list-coming to the principle laws of physics). But none comes with the writer's authorization. The point is sharply made when Calvino offers some notes about the intellectual background to the stories collected in *Our Ancestors* (it is a feature of Calvino's modesty that he is the least mystifying of writers about his own procedures, an etiquette he shares with Eliot and Empson). Anyone who has read those fabulous *mingles* of invention and humour might find the author's suggestions bathetic: "The Cloven Viscount" is offered as an allegory of the divisions of Cold War, or "The Invisible Knight" as providing a critique of the "organization man" in a mass society. But these readings are disarming only if we take such interpretations as exclusive, and Calvino repeatedly demonstrates that rival interpretations have no force against each other. In *The Castle of Crossed Destinies* a group of travellers, magically struck dumb, tell their individual stories through the arcane and silent symbolism of the tarot pack. The book is not about communication, as none of the stories is verified; they are speculations on the part of the narrator, interpretations of the pictures and even the manner in which the cards are selected. Like the sorcerer's apprentice Calvino sets off a flow of meaning from what appears to be a limited source.

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Monuments of Renaissance Music
Edward E. Lowinsky, Founding Editor
Howard Mayer Brown, General Editor

Volume VII to be published September 1983

Famously rich

E. S. Turner

LESLIE FIELD

Bendor: The Golden Duke of Westminster
292pp Weidenfeld and Nicolson.
£12.95.
0 297 78046 8

"As an adult, he was half grown-up but twice life-size," says Leslie Field of her hero Bendor, second Duke of Westminster, a fitting description of a man who once summoned his steam yacht *Cuty Sark* from Norway to the Riviera in order to carry a party of guests from Cannes to Monte Carlo for a tennis match, then sent the vessel back to northern waters.

Hugh Grosvenor, nicknamed Bendor after his grandfather's racehorse, never got into the *Dictionary of National Biography*. In 1966 he was the subject of a full-length life, *Lord of London*, by Michael Harrison. Bendor's grandfather, the first Duke, did qualify for the *DNB*, though nothing could conceal the fact that he was dukes for being enormously rich and nothing else. "No member of the family has held high public office or performed great service to the state," says Bendor's new biographer; worse, the family has no stately home open to the public. The Grosvenors were too rich to have to be wise or witty, though Bendor is here credited with saying of the monstrous Gothic pile of Eaton Hall: "It would be as great a crime to pull it down as it was to put it up." (That crime has now been committed.)

Like Henry VIII Bendor was driven to excesses because his wives could not produce an heir (a son, Edward, died young). Unlike Henry he treated his discarded wives with marked generosity, which at least helped to compensate them for the years of seclusion in his yachts. In five years the third duchess never spent more than three weeks in the same place. No man ever rushed round more quixotically and

more expensively, to less purpose.

A former editor of the *Tatler*, Ms Field enjoys herself describing the trappings of Bendor's power. She has an eye for jewellery, clothing, food and flowers. She revels in the details of an establishment which had a parrot-boy (to feed the parrot) and a monkey-man (to look after the monkeys on their lake island). She notes Bendor's partiality for hiring special trains, his habit of ignoring the Post Office and sending his love letters by the safe hands of his servants, even across the Channel (less mortals could send their love letters by the now-vanished District Messenger service, but it wasn't quite the same thing).

At times the narrative teeters perilously between that of the *Cartland school* ("Tiredness and shyness vanished as she thought of the tale she would tell at the breakfast table: 'I've actually danced with the famous Duke of Westminster'") and Jennifer's Diary ("the new Duchess, who was wearing a navy blue crepe suit with a red and white polka dot georgette blouse, and blue hat pulled down low, half concealing her face"). But there are many excellent anecdotes, one of which tells how the jealous "Coco" Chanel leans over the rail of the Flying Dutchman and, in the Duke's presence, without a word drops his plump propitiatory emerald into the sea. Well done, Coco!

What, one keeps wondering, is Winston Churchill doing in this *galère*? He is a constant guest. He is Bendor's best man at his third wedding. At Eaton Hall he is very angry when one of Bendor's conjurers whips away his braces, but he is soon back enjoying the dual hospitality. When World War Two begins, he warns Bendor that his anti-Jewish and pro-appearance attitude will steep him in "measureless odium" if he persists in it, and the Duke takes the hint. Otherwise he too might have ended up without his braces, in custody.

Bendor had won the DSO in 1916, leading his armoured cars across the Western Desert to rescue a number of

prisoners-of-war held by the Senussi. It was a very dashing exploit, though one is pulled up with a jerk by the sentence: "Meanwhile Bendor decided he could not risk any treachery from the Senussi guards, so they were all executed." Was that really the way of it? Was the richest man in Britain an executioner? If the guards had been Germans, what would he have done?

Bendor might have been remembered merely as the last of the really spoiled aristocrats had it not been for the part he played in the "Beauchamp affair." Earl Beauchamp, his brother-in-law, Leader of the Liberals in the Lords and Warden of the Cinque Ports, was allowed to flee the country in 1931 after evidence, gathered by Bendor, suggested that he had indulged in homosexual recreations. "He was the last authentic case of someone being

hounded out of society", we are told, but surely there are more recent examples. The disgraced Beauchamp could not have been given the ultimatum "Go out and govern New South Wales" because he had already done so, not very efficiently. It all happened because Bendor had old-fashioned ideas in sexual matters. For "shopping" his brother-in-law he has become a fiend in the eyes of those with new-fashioned ideas.

It is a pity that so many of Ms Field's sentences are slapdash ("In addition to being the mother of his heir, the Duke was exceedingly fond of his daughter-in-law..."). She also uses the word "convince" in the new-fashioned way - "he convinced her to open a London boutique". But it is a lively account and will entertain a great many, besides bringing exceptional joy to the reviewers of *Tribune*.

On the idyllic side

Keith Jeffery

KIRSTY McLEOD

The Last Summer
191pp. Collins. £10.95.
0 00 216456 6

How can we possibly discover exactly what the summer of 1914 was like? So enduring are the myths and so apparently comprehensive were the destructive effects of the Great War that it now seems impossible to disentangle fact from nostalgic fancy. In this book Kirsty McLeod gives us a mixture of both, although the emphasis is more on the latter. While she has used some contemporary historical evidence, the bulk of the volume is based on memoirs of various sorts and a series of evidently fascinating personal reminiscences collected by the author herself. We learn, therefore, not so much "what happened" or "what it was like" in 1914, as what people have remembered of that "lost golden summer".

There are two polarized myths regarding 1914. The more familiar and more generally accepted is that which describes an idyllic, halcyon summer, a "lost Eden", the high summer of Edwardian peace, stability and contentment, all of which was brutally swept away in the war. The other interpretation, much beloved of iconoclastic historians (the jargon adjective is "revisionist") holds that, war or no war, all of Europe was on the edge of precipice. Social unrest was mounting, syndicalist revolutionaries spoke of imminent industrial insurrection, the complacent capitalist classes clung on to power only by employing more and more repression. British politics in particular were deeply divided - as never before or since - by the Irish question, which threatened to break up into widespread violent civil disorder. In these circumstances war actually came as a relief, dissipating social tensions and redirecting domestic antagonisms towards foreign enemies.

Miss McLeod notes both of these interpretations, but she concentrates more on the "lost, hot stillness before the storm" side of things. Out of seven chapters in the book, she devotes one each to the four months of May to August. Here we find Vera Brittain, Nancy Cunard, Rupert Brooke, Julian Grenell, et al. enjoying "Ascot", Wimbledon, Henley and the rest of the Season. McLeod adds to the familiar accounts of this period (such as that of Lady Diana Cooper) extensive quotations from her own interviews, which refreshingly included one or two people from outside the upper and middle classes. The book could have done with more such memories since the image we have of any historical period unfortunately depends to a disproportionate extent on the writings of those people who believed themselves important enough to record their own memories. Few maidservants, alas, fall into this category.

One of the virtues of the book is that the author does not stop dead (perhaps

an unhappy turn of phrase) on August 4, 1914, but also narrates the initial enthusiasm which greeted the war and the subsequent widespread disillusionment. One of her interviewees, Ullrich Nibbel, in 1914 a seventeen-year old schoolboy who was commissioned in the first fortnight of the war, graphically describes how enthusiasm was stifled with a sense of duty. There was never any question but that one should fight "for King and Country and Empire". "On the Somme", he adds, "they just died and that was that".

The Last Summer does not examine in any depth the "teetering on the verge of disaster" interpretation, which, with the benefit of hindsight, afterwards gained some currency among the upper classes. It does, however, have some sharp criticism of the absurd adulation directed towards the legendary lost generation of glided youth by those who survived the war. "It is an Inescapable fact", remarks the author, "that most of those who fought returned." But those who did not return left behind them a memorial of peculiar emotional power: poetry. On every O-level syllabus in the country the "lost generation" is commemorated by all those sensitive young poets whose occupational morbidity was swollen by experience on the Western Front. This was something which Rupert Brooke, who epitomized the *jeunesse dorée*, never shared. It was a cruel irony that the author of "1914" should have died from blood poisoning contracted from an insect bite while on his way to fight at Gallipoli.

On parade

John Grigg

DAVID DUFF

George and Elizabeth: A Royal Marriage
240pp. Collins. £9.95.
0 00 216375 6

A competent and experienced royal biographer, David Duff has hitherto largely confined himself to royal personages who are dead. In his new book, however, he attempts to write about two people one of whom is still, happily, very much alive. Partly for this reason, no doubt, his study of George VI and Queen Elizabeth (now the Queen Mother) is a rather sickly dish, with altogether too much sugar and not enough spice.

The two principals' many virtues are paraded, but there is hardly a hint of any faults. For example, the author mentions George VI's invitation to Neville Chamberlain to appear on the balcony of Buckingham Palace on his return from signing the Munich agreement in 1938, without remarking that this was, perhaps, the most unconstitutional act of any British sovereign of modern times, since the agreement was bitterly controversial. The book is readable, but contributes little to knowledge or understanding.

By heart

Ruth Harris

ALICE FAIRFAX-LUCY (Editor)

Mistress of Charlotte: The Memoirs of Mary Elizabeth Lucy
184pp. Gollancz. £9.95.
0 575 03286 3

Mary Elizabeth Lucy was eighty when she fancied that it would amuse her to write her reminiscences and that it might amuse her grandchildren to read them. She proceeded to fill five notebooks with her story and half a century after her death these came to light in the drawer of her davenport. They were found by Alice Fairfax-Lucy, the daughter-in-law of one of those same grandchildren and another mistress of Charlotte, the Warwickshire house to which Mary Elizabeth was brought as a bride in 1823 and which was to be one of the main interests and pleasures of her life. When she arrived the Great Hall "did indeed look as it might have done in Shakespeare's time" but with the help of Thomas Willement, Stained-Glass Artist to George IV, she and her husband soon changed all that. Now Charlotte with its flock wall-papers, Tudor-style plaster ceilings and heraldic glass is a superb example of Early Victorian Gothic.

The last words in her memoirs are a prayer for "more heart", and heart, in the sense of both courage and affection, coloured her life. She fell from a swing and nearly lost all her teeth, she fell from horses, she was rescued from quicksands, she broke her arm, she was always fainting; she lost five of her eight children and was widowed young but yet there was always time for "a twirl at the swing of gaiety". On the wrong side of seventy, at five o'clock in the morning, she danced Sir Roger de Coverley with as much spirit as she had in her teens. No wonder that Lord Leigh insisted that she should open the ball with him.

But there were dark leaves in the garland. She was not allowed to marry the young man with whom she had "exchanged hearts" and although she protested that she did not, could not love him, she was made to accept George Lucy, who to her seemed dull and middle-aged. Her mother told her that love would come "and it did come" but on the sunny morning of youth "George Lucy was a kind and indulgent husband but there was a room at Charlotte called the fatal or death room, because Mary Elizabeth lived to mourn every child that had been born in it. Left a widow at forty-two she continued to run Charlotte until her son, Spencer, married; she did not realize her new position until on the eve of the wedding she found her bedroom prepared for the new Mrs Lucy. Spencer even suggested that she should give up her own maid to her daughter-in-law, but Gates was right-thinking and preferred to stay with her mistress. It cannot have been easy for any of them but "the bright hope of his future happiness, dispelled the clouds of my own gloomy thoughts and made my lot which had been cast on so fair a ground for so many years."

She lived through the whole Victorian era. As a child she had been taught by Mrs Thrale's Signor Fiozzi, as a married woman she had met Countess Guiccioli in Rome and found her like but not half as beautiful as a Titian Magdalene, and as a widow she attended Daisy Warwick's wedding. Throughout it all she was supported by the conviction, which was of the age in which she lived, that a merciful providence had ordained it all for the best.

It is easy to see why Alice Fairfax-Lucy when working on *Charlotte and the Lucies* found Mary Elizabeth such good company. She has even forgiven what Mary Elizabeth and George did to the house and understands their comfortable certainty that anything the Elizabeths did, they could do better. Her model introduction and postscript frame the memoirs beautifully and her unobtrusive editing sets them in the context of the continuity of place and the passing of time. She shares her predecessor's qualities of heart and wit as well as her gift for the vivid turn of phrase. We are lucky that they should have found each other.

THEATRE

JOHN FULLER (Editor)

John Gay: Dramatic Works
Two volumes

463 and 398pp. Oxford University Press. £45 per volume.
0 19 812701 4 (Vol 1)
0 19 812320 5 (Vol 2)

Dramatic works are both less and more than plays, as poetic works aspire beyond but don't reach poems. The term provides a neater title than *Poetry and Prose*, two earlier volumes edited by Vinton A. Dearing (1974) which made up Gay's previous contribution to the Oxford English Texts. One needs this label because of the nature of the contents: a pastoral tragedy, the libretto for *Acis and Galatea* (variously styled a serenata, a pastoral entertainment, and an English pastoral opera), several brands of farce loaded with Polish epithets, and of course the ballad operas proper. Among this plethora of mixed genres one might be tempted to forget that Gay wrote an orthodox social comedy, *The Distress'd Soul*, and a kind of topical closet-drama, *The Captives*. His *Rehearsal at Goatham* makes a faint at, but never quite becomes, a rehearsal comedy. One of the farces is entitled *The What D'Ye Call It*: as the editor remarks, this "is in the tradition of Shakespeare's *As You Like It* and Twelfth Night, or *What You Will*", but it is also in the tradition of playful obfuscation and obscene quibbling which the Scribblers favoured.

Ever since the seminal essay by William Empson in *Some Versions of Pastoral*, critics have been much occupied by the genre slides in Gay: town eclogue and Newgate pastoral, mock-heroic and neo-georgic. Certainly his plays rely a good deal on parody and allusion. *The Wife of Bath* the alchemist appears as a character in the earlier incarnation of this piece (1713); in the later (1730), he has been reduced to the lay role of Sir Harry Gauntlet. Then again, *The Rehearsal at Goatham* is an anglicized episode from *Don Quixote*: the story of the puppet-show from Part II, otherwise familiar today from Falla's opera *El Retablo de Maese Pedro*. *Achilles* is in a double sense travesty, since it shows the hero in petticoats and it puts Homeric figures through burlesque paces. One might even say that *Three Hours after Marriage* is Scribblarian pamphlet satire, cast in dramatic form, and as for ballad opera the very name of the form (oxymoronic as "rock-opera" somehow fails to be) describes its mixed motives.

There has been no collection along these lines since 1795, when Edward Jeffery published two volumes of plays to make up a six-volume set of the works of Gay. In recent times there has been nothing beyond the sample (a decent one, it's true) included in G. C. Faber's edition of the *Poetical Works* (1926). This gave a plain text of all three ballad operas, plus *The Mockers*, *The What D'Ye Call It*, *Dione and Acis and Galatea*. There were brief fragments from the other plays, seemingly chosen for their metrical status. The only items in the canon which have previously been edited in the full sense are *The Beggar's Opera*, on repeated occasions, and *Three Hours after Marriage* (twice, both in 1961). John Fuller thus had much ground-clearing to perform; text, stage-history, commentary and glossary. He has done these jobs very well, within perhaps narrow limits, and serious investigation of all major issues called up by Gay as a dramatist will now start from these two volumes.

Some may have found it piquant that such obscure items as *The Mockers* should have attracted the attention of a poet. Is it a case of another Manilius, safely dull enough not to deplete Housman's creative energy? I do not think so, for Fuller resists the temptation to show himself more pedantic than the pedants, and whilst he has preserved a kind of semi-professional status as a scholar, he makes no perfunctory effort to keep literary sensibility out of his introduction. The author of *Epistles to Several Persons* would be unlikely to mistake the public task of an editor for a professional opportunity; and it is only in glancing critical comments that one gets a strong

From Newgate to neo-georgic

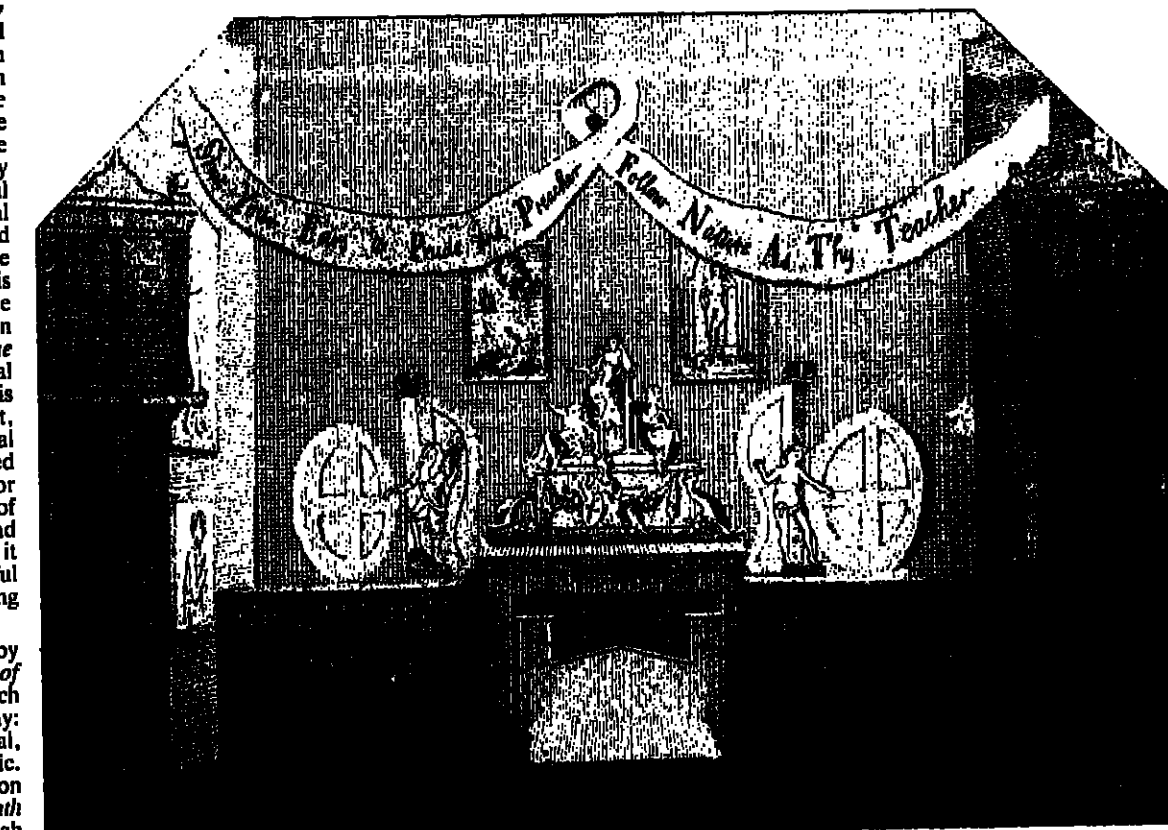
Pat Rogers

sense of Fuller's preferences. Of *The Wife of Bath* he writes, "Only gusto and rhetoric could successfully begin to disguise its lack of one of Gay's redeeming skills, imaginative metamorphosis and farce" (though does "redeeming" refer back to the defects in this play, or is it a limiting judgment of wider application?). He risks only one or two adventurous opinions: "Just as Pope half-

glories of commerce ("To what does the Crown itself owe its Splendor and Dignity") is taken straight from that recent hit, in a very unScribblarian vein, *The London Merchant*. Most of the ingredients here are familiar, but they are animated by Gay's ear for colloquial dialogue. Fuller says of *The Rehearsal at Goatham* that the chatter sounds "like a small-town version of *Polite Conversation*, though without

"Men were born to lye, and Women to believe them!"

For the most part the editing is discreet and thorough: we can now not only play the game of ombre in *The Rape of the Lock*, but also join in a hand of quadrille at Goatham. The only possible ground of criticism is that Fuller expects quite a lot from his readers. Granted that this is a scholarly edition, not a student text, one might



"Mother Goose's Betrothal", ink on cardboard model for A Rake's Progress by David Hockney, reproduced from Hockney Paints the Stage, to be published by Thames and Hudson on October 31 (224pp, £20, 0 500 23377 2).

consciously betrays his literary distaste from Homer or Milton in investigating the social milieu and behaviour of Belinda and the Baron, so Gay really rejects the modes of Seneca or Dryden in portraying the sufferings of Kitty and Filbert: but they both do this by parody. *The What D'Ye Call It* is Gay's *Rape of the Lock*. In a teasing final paragraph to the introduction, Fuller discriminates between the lack-lustre work and Gay "at his best", which seems to mean the farces, the *Beggar and Polly*. "The early plays contain within their parody or buffoonery serious social and cultural indictments": it is "the overriding comic vision" irradiated by such parody and buffoonery which counts for most.

Up to a point, I think this is just. One cannot claim very much for *The Mockers*, although Fuller's suggestion that the watchmen are no more than imitations of Dogberry "inevitably scaled down to the comfortable pantomime of Norris and Penkethman" seems a little condescending towards noteworthy performers we have not witnessed in the flesh. On the other hand, Fuller's description of *The Wife of Bath*, "Chaucer in ruffs", is exactly right. *Acis and Galatea* scarcely exists as an entity upon the printed page: the little role of Lavinia Fenton had retired for a perhaps equally demanding life as mistress and ultimately consort to the Duke of Bolton - an event with enough of an afterlife to warrant a mention in the second book of *The Return of the Native*. Polly in breeches conformed to a hastily popular fashion: what does not seem to have been noticed is that her fainting from fatigue and then arousal by the pirates must recall the disguised Imogen in the cave of Belarius. Nothing can quite live up to the original opera, however: the tunes were never again so well chosen, and the striking paradoxes of Peachum, Lockit and Macheath decline in the later plays into cynical sentimentality: "For I never in my life was treacherous but to women; and you know men of the nicest punctilio make nothing of that" (*Polly*); or "It is no wonder that your fine folk live so great, while they pay for nothing" (*The Distress'd Soul*). Lucy in the original makes verbal at into a metaphysical equation: "Sure

still think that archaic forms or meanings such as the following would be worth a brief gloss: *anatomy* (skeleton, corpse for dissection), *precise* (puritan), *resty*, *ding*, *grand climacteric*, even *kidding* from "O things, were all some part of a single undertaking out of which, eventually, the entire history of the world would be re-created". We need to bear this in mind when reading *Gulliver*, *The Dunciad*, *Martha Scribblers*, for Swift, Pope and Arbuthnot charted these edifying currents of historico-scientific thought. The allusions are lighter and more purely facetious in *Three Hours*, but they lie at the heart of the central characterization. One product of this valuable edition of the plays may be to send people back to the best known pieces such as *Three Hours*, and thus John Fuller has supplied the basis for a further raid on the partial inarticulacy of the ages before our own.

The least satisfactory part of the

Thumbs down

Marcy Kahan

JOHN D. MITCHELL

Theatre: The Search for Style
332pp. Northwood Institute Press.
\$25.
0 87359 028 7

Aside from their professional reputations as "master-directors", what do Hu Hung Yen (Peking Opera), Gerald Freedman (Broadway), Onoe Baiko VII (Grand Kabuki, Tokyo), Dimitrios Rondiris (Greek National Theatre), Paul-Emile Delber (Comédie Française), and Erwin Axer (Teatr Współczesny, Warsaw) have in common? Each has directed a masterpiece from his country's repertoire at New York's Institute for Advanced Studies in Theatre Arts. And in *Theatre: The Search for Style*, each is interviewed, along with nineteen other international colleagues, by the Institute's president, John D. Mitchell.

Mitchell seeks "explicit definitions of eighteen major styles of theatre".

commentary is that relating to *Three Hours after Marriage*, and specifically the part of Dr Fossile. The editor quotes a contemporary key which identifies Fossile as Dr John Woodward on the basis of an anecdote about Kensington graveside. But this is wholly superfluous, as Woodward had written the most influential work ever published on the topic in his *Essay towards a Natural History of the Earth* (1695), and had collectors all over the world sending him fossil specimens. His visibility as geologist, as well as antiquarian and physician, was truly remarkable; and contemporaries would have picked up many local allusions throughout the course of the play. When in the first act he mentions the pineal gland, Fuller learnedly cites Descartes and others; but the original audience possibly recalled first the burlesque in *Tristram Shandy* and then Woodward's own contributions to the subject.

There is a wider point here. Fuller seems not to have seen in time Joseph M. Levine's book *Dr Woodward's Shield* (1977), subtitled "History, Science, and Satire in Augustan England". This would have aided his annotation, but more importantly it would have reinforced the centrality of *Three Hours* in contemporary thinking. Ultimately the moral panic of the era went back not to Jacobites, or to innate ideas, or to the rape of Clariissa, but - as in all ages, maybe - to matters cosmic, eschatological, theological. After Locke and Newton, the great formers of the Augustan mind were people such as Thomas Burnet, Edward Lhwyd, William Whiston, William Stukely, and Woodward: creative ideologues and world-makers who happened to get things wrong. In what is probably the most significant work of the last decade for the study of the mentality of the age, Levine shows how Woodward raised the study of fossils to true philosophical dignity. "The disciples of the doctor and natural philosopher were exactly analogous to those of the antiquary... natural history was thought akin to civil history; and... fossil shells were studied like ancient coins." For the virtuoso, which is Woodward's role in the play, these "were all some part of a single undertaking out of which, eventually, the entire history of the world would be re-created". We need to bear this in mind when reading *Gulliver*, *The Dunciad*, *Martha Scribblers*, for Swift, Pope and Arbuthnot charted these edifying currents of historico-scientific thought. The allusions are lighter and more purely facetious in *Three Hours*, but they lie at the heart of the central characterization. One product of this valuable edition of the plays may be to send people back to the best known pieces such as *Three Hours*, and thus John Fuller has supplied the basis for a further raid on the partial inarticulacy of the ages before our own.

The result is an eccentric hodgepodge of theatrical enthusiasms, convictions, and prejudices. In addition to conventional prescriptions for the correct handling of Racine's verse, Restoration fairs, and Sanskrit costumes, the reader is also enlightened as to the most effective way of singing "I'm just a girl who can't say no", and warned that, in Kabuki theatre, a female character's thumbs should, never show.

Mitchell's persistent and earnest request for a definition of "style", however, is consistently and perhaps significantly thwarted. Of the twenty-five directors interviewed, most take refuge in meaningless generalization ("You, above all, must allow the composer to speak for himself") or Marivaux play, it is important to achieve the style of Marivaux" or solipsism ("Style comes from one's sense of knowing what one's doing").

Ultimately, the richness and strangeness of the theatrical traditions touched upon by Mitchell's pedantic preoccupations, and make this volume of interviews worth dipping into.

manner about their roles. The book may be of interest to the actors' fans, and from time to time we learn something about the way the actors approach their roles, but they tend to talk about them in a very generalized fashion rather than about the moment-by-moment engagement between the actor, his role and the production.

In *Shakespeare's Darker Purpose*, Mark Taylor writes about incest in Shakespeare's plays. There is one apparently incestuous union in Shakespeare which is of real critical interest. Hamlet regards his mother's remarriage with his uncle as incestuous, but it is questionable whether Shakespeare's contemporaries would have taken the same view of marriage to a dead husband's brother. Mark Taylor does not mention this problem. Apart from *Pericles*, in which incest is overt, the plays he considers are those in which incestuous desires are scarcely, if at all, conscious and are never made explicit. All relate to fathers and daughters.

Taylor writes with enthusiasm, even on some subjects, with good sense; but his judgment deserts him whenever a father and daughter come within his range of vision. Indeed, the father needed not even be present. Isabella (in *Measure for Measure*) "may be as shocked as she is by Angelo's advances because she is maintaining her purity for her father". Egeus, Polonius, Brabantio, Lear, Leontes, Alonso, Prospero — all are motivated by unconscious sexual desire for their daughters; the fact that they may be harsh to them only proves this the more strongly, because the daughter's becoming what the father "covets and cannot have is, in his mind, the primal act of filial disobedience, an intentional gesture of supreme mockery, for which no punishment is too stern".

Taylor's aim appears to be to demonstrate archetypal patterns which may be held to confer significance upon certain plot elements, and to account for their power. It is a reasonable aim. I have some sympathy with, for instance, his claim that Robert Greene's *Pseudos* (on which Shakespeare based *The Winter's Tale*) is "mythically resonant" to an exceptional degree; certainly its popularity for two centuries after its composition would support this. But in his interpretation of Shakespeare, Taylor strains evidence ludicrously. In *The Merchant of Venice*, Gratiano, speaking to Nerissa about his ring, declares, "Would he were gelt that had it, for my part . . .". To Taylor, this signifies that "Gratiano unconsciously wishing to castrate his wife lest she, in her infidelities, figuratively castrate him, is doing nothing less than taking an oath upon his penis." And a laborious attempt to relate Pelagianism to certain characters of Shakespeare depends on the fact that Morgan, the real name of Belarius in *Cymbeline*, "is Welsh for the sea" and "recalls the original name of Pelagius, which is Greek also for the man from the sea", and that the name "Belarius" has six of its letters in common with "Pelagius". To deduce from this a meaningful relationship between characters in Shakespeare who come from the sea and the tenets of Pelagianism strains credulity.

Imagine the scene

Roger Savage

SYDIL ROSENFELD

Georgian Scene Painters and Scene Painting
220pp, Cambridge University Press.
£29.50,
0 521 23339 9

HARRY WILLIAM PEDICORD and
FREDERICK LOUIS BERGMANN
(Editors)

The Plays of David Garrick: Garrick's Adaptations of Shakespeare, Volume 3 (1744-1756) 495pp., Volume 4 (1759-1773) 490pp., Garrick's Alterations of Others, Volume 5 (1742-1750) 399pp., Volume 6 (1751-1756) 483pp., Volume 7 (1757-1773) 485pp.

Young David Garrick was remarkably young in his choice of a finishing-school master. It was the earliest example of that knack he had of getting on with the best people, a knack which was to help set him up as the most acceptable, respectable, chubbable great English actor of them all. Choosing Samuel Johnson at Edial, and then going to London with him in 1737 like Dick Whittington and Supercat, created a good bond; so that when, ten years later, Davy needed a prologue for the re-opening of the Drury Lane playhouse under his new management, Johnson obliged — and with one of the most memorable documents of the eighteenth-century theatre. A schoolmaster's gift, the prologue is highly didactic. The history of the stage since Shakespeare is sketched as a cycle of instructive excesses; by turns overmuch artifice, subjectivity, frigidity and frivolity betray the drama, and the Drury Lane audience is exhorted to insist on Nature, Sense and Truth from its authors and actors so that a new great age of theatre may dawn. The alternative is a whirligig of fatuity driven by "the wild vicissitudes of taste".

One characteristic of the Drury Lane Prologue is the firmness with which it sets Nature, Sense and Truth in opposition to music and spectacle. Johnson seems to be thinking about rather more than the vogue for pantomime when he insists that, if there is to be "useful mirth and salutary woe" at Drury Lane, we must chase away "the charms of sound, the pomp of show". But was he really inevitable him, doing nothing less than taking an oath upon his penis? And a laborious attempt to relate Pelagianism to certain characters of Shakespeare depends on the fact that Morgan, the real name of Belarius in *Cymbeline*, "is Welsh for the sea" and "recalls the original name of Pelagius, which is Greek also for the man from the sea", and that the name "Belarius" has six of its letters in common with "Pelagius". To deduce from this a meaningful relationship between characters in Shakespeare who come from the sea and the tenets of Pelagianism strains credulity.

Painting is concerned with the masters and journeymen in a large movement of taste: a movement from emphasis on stock scenes usable in a variety of shows to the creation of scenes specifically for a single show; from high humanist symmetry celebrating the mysteries of perspective and absolutism to a more romantic, democratic asymmetry; from scenes elegantly backing the dramatic action to scenes threatening to devour it; and from a cheerful unconcern with specific place and time to a fascination with the antiquarian and the topographical. Miss Rosenfeld connects this broad shift with more technical shifts in the scene-dock and the paint room: the use of the wing-and-shutter scene (which changed magically before one's eyes) giving way to the development of the "set" scene (which might call for an act-dock to cover its setting up); generalized lighting by candle and oil becoming localized lighting by gas; the domination of a small, reticent profession by a few foreign scene-painters yielding to the growth of a sturdy native school able to make its presence felt on playbills.

Seeing things as she does through the paint-room door, Rosenfeld quite understandably tends to present these changes all scrupulously documented as advances. Johnson would have disagreed, as compositely piled on top of the old and the new. Thomas Gainsborough told Garrick in the 1770s that truth (and doubtless sense and nature too) had become the victim of the new techniques, that "eyes and ears are thoroughly debauched by glare and noise". Yet on one level Rosenfeld is right. Scenography was a much more versatile, ingenious, lucrative and respected art in later Georgian Britain than in earlier. Does it follow, though, that there was necessarily an advance in the absolute quality of the age's most outstanding work? It is hard to say. Continental parallels suggest not. Bérain's designs for Lully in the late seventeenth century are neither better nor worse than Schinkel's for Mozart in the early nineteenth; and at the Drottningholm Court Theatre near Stockholm the earlier, neo-classical sets were just as good as the later picturesque ones.

Of course it is easy to compare Bérain and Schinkel because of the fine-drawn sketches that survive, while at Drottningholm the actual objects are still there, and during the season their replicas are put through their paces nightly under simulated candle-light (proving incidentally that gas was not necessarily an advance). But in Britain there is the Regency forest-set at Richmond and not a lot more where actual objects are concerned; and as for hard evidence in sketches and paintings, outside the big early nineteenth-century archive of work of the Greive family there is not even a huge amount of that, and what there is is not always easy to interpret. Rosenfeld carefully discusses and helpfully reproduces explicit examples of such things in crisp monochrome (though it is a pity they do not include some of the Hogarth theatre pictures, more of the fine playhouse interiors with plays in progress done by Pugin and Rowlandson, and all the surviving de Louthembourg pastiches). Yet most of her illustrations, however interesting historically, are fairly unimpressive — just as her narrative has to be to chronicle a great deal of biographical and financial small beer — and among the really arresting pictures are James Thornhill's sketches for *Antony and Cleopatra* at Drury Lane in 1705 are surely just as accomplished and atmospheric as Clarkson Stanfield's pantomime sketches for the same house 120 years later.

Half-way between Thornhill and Stanfield comes the hero — perhaps the tragic hero — of the book, Philippe Jacques de Loutherbourg. Though he only worked for about ten years in the London theatre, he clearly did many rich, strange and influential things with light and the set scene for Garrick, Sheridan and Kemble. Rosenfeld presents him quite rightly as the focus of the exclusive imitatory of creative change in the 1770s and yet we are left with a double sadness. For one thing the hundreds of models he made for his decor, extant when his estate was sold

off in 1812, have vanished except for a tantalizing half dozen. (What a revelation it would be if an accidental find raised the number even to twenty; the number of the fascinating maquettes for Paris Opéra productions of the 1750s which survive at Chambord and which are identified in an article by Jérôme de la Gorce in the October 1983 number of *Early Music*.) For another thing, de Loutherbourg's work was largely on very transient and trivial shows. It is hard not to feel that most of those pantomimes, burlesques and travel-spectaculars were a monstrous waste of his time and talent. And it is significant that his collaboration with Sheridan, his only collaboration with a living writer of something like genius, should have been over the rather rickety *Camp and over The Critic*, where he did the grand marine display ostensibly devised by Mr Puff for his gregarious tragedy *The Spanish Armada*. "Now for my magnificence", says Puff, echoing the promise of his model of a century before, Mr Bayes in *The Rehearsal*: "I'll show you the greatest scene that ever England saw! I mean not for words, for those I don't value; but for state, show and magnificence."

That literate drama should have been at loggerheads with scenic magnificence, and that if anything the rift should have got worse as the eighteenth century went on, was certainly one of the wilder vicissitudes of taste; but it was one for which Johnson himself and like verbal-puritanical thinkers were as guilty as the spectacle-freaks. It was a fairly isolated voice that could say of a De Louthembourg pantomime décor (in a *Westminster Magazine* of 1776): "we could not help wishing that the talents of this man, instead of being used to save paltry things from damnation, were united to those of Shakespeare, to astonish or to enchant us into virtue".

If there is something Canute-like in the way Johnson's Drury Lane Prologue tries to stop the tides of music and spectacle which a few decades afterwards would join to produce English melodrama (and something mole-like in his not seeing that a form such as melodrama — to say nothing of opera — might have moral standards and effects which were useful and salutary), then there is a sad irony in the way the Prologue is in one important respect a prologue to almost nothing. Formalism, libertinism and mere theatricality are banished, and the public's help is enlisted in clearing the stage for a new theatrical renaissance of passion, imagination and teeming variety which will equal the earlier Renaissance that produced Shakespeare. But manifestly — and in spite of a trickle of excellent comedies — that second renaissance did not happen. Indeed the rot may have set in ten years before Johnson's prologue, when Henry Fielding took himself and a lot of the energies of the English drama off to the novel, where the energies played well beyond Garrick's death. If scenic virtue formed the rising age at all in the later eighteenth century, as Johnson hoped it would, it was largely the virtue of, and in, earlier revived and revamped plays.

Garrick himself did a lot of the reviving and revamping, and the final five volumes of the Pedicord-Bergmann edition of his plays now bring together a dozen Shakespeare adaptations he was involved with (including two versions each of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *The Tempest*, one operatic and one not), and fifteen alterations of other dramatists, from Johnson and Fletcher to William Whitehead leaning on Corneille and Aaron Hill, adapting Voltaire. The edition, which comes from the Southern Illinois stable of the formidable Highfill-Burnim-Langhans *Biographical Dictionary of the Stage Personnel* and wears its colours, can be added to Professor Highfill's Garrick life in the *Dictionary*, Kahrl and Stone's *David Garrick: A Critical Biography*, the Little-Wilson-Kahrl collection of his letters and the central volumes of *The London Stage 1660-1800* to constitute what Johnson might have called "a lasting tomb for the remarkable little man, though not one which crushes his spirit".

It must be said that the Pedicord-Bergmann collection of the adaptations and alterations has a few run features. Too many of the illustrations are woefully reproduced and most are under-captioned; several chunks of editorial matter are duplicated needlessly from volume to volume, and the apparatus of extremely brief glosses provided for each play is not only in some kind of a Latinist but also does not seem quite sure of its audience: will anyone likely to be using these books really need the standard school-Shakespeare annotations to the Shakespeare versions, or glosses on words like "clit", "seraglio", "labor" or "guinea" in the notes to the others? But that said, it is a valuable collection, with the actual texts easy on the eye, sensibly edited and supplied in each case with an essay on the relationship between version and original which does the academic "compare and contrast" thing informatively and with spirit. The result is a convenient and rewarding museum of mid-eighteenth-century taste designed by one of that century's great taste-makers.

Taste's role in these versions is to tighten, to lighten, to clarify, to prune and to purge the original so that it can take its place as a good piece of theatrical Palladianism: moral, diverting and playhouse-trained. In some cases this involves extreme measures than in others, but in all cases Garrick is the honest broker, the matchmaker concerned that his chosen play should show its best face to the Georgian world and that the Georgian world should be induced to like what it sees. Since his audience insists on being beguiled with the charms of sound and the pomp of show, he will at least make sure that the little fairy opera they want have librettos made from the best Shakespearean originals and that the musical spectaculars he revises (the Dryden-Purcell *King Arthur* and the Thomson-Arne *Alfred*) are well crafted, improving and unfrivolous. Since it is clearly the case that the past ages of British drama should be represented on his stage, but equally the case that (as the Drury Lane Prologue pointed out) so many old dramatists are either formalists or libertines, Garrick will relieve Ben Jonson of some of his excessive art by reducing the proliferations of *The Alchemist* and *Every Man in his Humour* through "numerous and intricate omissions" (as the *Alchemist* "Advertisement" puts it); and he will help rescue those fine but beleaguered ladies *The Country Wife* and *The Provoked Wife* from the smut and cynicism and profanity of their Restoration origins so they can have a second chance in a politer world. And since the best Georgian dramatic mode would, as Colley Cibber puts it, combine "a Racine's judgement with a Shakespeare's fire", Garrick will try to give a strong British spirit to three adaptations of French classical tragedy: *The Roman Father*, *Zara and Mahomet*.

As for how much Palladianizing, how much added Racinean judgment, Shakespeare himself needs to become a good Drury Lane author, this is a problem for Garrick, since he is at once the public's humble servant and an unashamed Bardolator who makes a point of being seen as the chief priest of the cult. He solves the problem provisionally with Shakespeare versions which are pieces of good-hearted pragmatism. Controversial as they were and are, it is at least arguable that if anything, the were too successful. Seconded by Garrick's own skills as an actor and manager, they seemed to pre-empt Georgian Nature, Sense and Truth, and so maybe contributed as much as political censorship and the rise of the novel to the aborting of that second renaissance which should have followed the Drury Lane Prologue in 1747. It is significant that when, thirty years later, his grateful company gave Garrick a medal for services rendered to the Actors' Fund, it should have shown him as the energetic Roscius throwing back a curtain to reveal that Nature, the many-breasted Diana of the Ephesians, was Smeoso-tyrannized with a rapt Shakespeare in the act of imaginative creation. It was a hard act to follow.

ANN SADDLEMYER (Editor)

The Collected Letters of John Millington Synge
Volume 1: 1871-1907
385pp, Oxford University Press. £30.
0 19 812678 6

The language of Synge's plays is peculiar to himself; he had no predecessors and no imitators. He forged his dramatic manner from a handful of songs, folk tales and some colourful Gaelic figures of speech. He travelled to out-of-the-way places and emerged bearing a good supply of incidents and ideas. Wicklow, Kerry and the Aran Islands yielded up a store of decorative material. Peasant flamboyance, as in the matter of lamenting the dead or recalling past acts of violence, held a strong appeal for him. His plays go in for rich and fanciful imagery as well as embodying a form of Celtic fluency unchecked by dryness or awkwardness. The effect of this fluency is hypnotic, whether the mood is poignant, bold or wistful. Such a distinctive style, however, inevitably carries a built-in element of self-parody. Synge's, moreover, is entirely facetious; his intention was not to reproduce the patterns of rural speech, either in Irish or English, but to superimpose stylistic flourishes in one language on the idioms of the other. It's not, as some critics have asserted, a matter of literal translation; Synge worked hard to get the utmost picturesque savour out of each expression he adapted. The Irish-language sources for a number of his

lines make it plain that the original versions carried nothing like so high a charge of quaintness.

He was born in 1871, in time to catch the tail-end of the Celtic antiquarianism initiated by Sir Samuel Ferguson and given a popular touch by Standish O'Grady. Its legacy for Synge's generation was the "fantastic unmodern, ideal, breezy, springdayish Cuchulainoid" outlook which soasperated the playwright in the well-known letter he sent in 1904 to a friend from his Paris days, Stephen McKenna. Having had enough, for the time being, of Angus, Maeve and Fand, and all the rest of the "pale windy people" who fitted in and out of contemporary literature, Synge sought about for something stouter and lustier to put in their place, and hit upon the following revitalizing course:

We'll stretch in Red Dan Sally's ditch, And drink in Tubber fair, Or poach with Red Dan Philly's bitch The bader and the hare.

Here, Synge is advocating a return to the plainness and robustness of certain Gaelic folk songs, some of which had recently been rediscovered in Connacht by Douglas Hyde. Synge's guidelines for a realistic approach, however, went awry in his own hands; his poetry is one thing, his plays another. The wayward antics of Synge's characters, in conjunction with the lush lines he put in their mouths, produced in certain members of his earliest audiences an outraged impression that Irish sensibility and expression he adapted. The Irish-language sources for a number of his

lines, in fact, admiration; all the same, native doubts about the Ascendancy playwright's attitude weren't altogether as fatuous as it might appear. Anyone might be excused for reading a humorous intent into lines like these about unmanageable sheep: "They were that willful they were running off into one man's bit of oats, and another man's bit of hay, and tumbling into the red bogs till it's more like a pack of old goats than sheep they were . . . Mountain ewes is a queer breed, Nora Burke, and I'm not used to them at all . . .".

The charge of travesty to the national character was the first that poor Synge had to contend with; a worse transgression, though, as far as his Catholic audience was concerned, was the aspersions he appeared to cast on Irish purity by conjuring up an image of some women in their underwear: "It's Pegen I'm standing only, and what'd I care if you brought me a drift of chosen females, standing in their shifts itself, maybe, from this place to the Eastern world?" The subsequent got, as the feelings of the audience got the better of them, went down to posterity as the *Playboy* riots; perhaps this was the only occasion when Irish belligerence erupted over an issue concerning bodice and soul. Gaelic League members who took part in the protest did so, presumably, in ignorance of the fact that the national language had produced a literature in which references to this particular item of underclothing weren't unknown; as an example we have the folk song "Eadar Caiséal agus Ur-Chuil" ("Between Cashed and the Green Wood") in which a girl rejected by one man declares that there are plenty of others who would be happy to take her in her shift (kine), if that was all she had. Synge, understandably annoyed by the business ("Did you hear that we had to have 57 peepers in to keep the stage from being rushed, and that for four nights not a word could be heard for booing?") got off to Stephen McKenna an entertaining account of Lady Gregory's first action in the crisis.

She went backstage to consult the Abbey Theatre charwoman about whether or not a breach of decorum had in fact been committed. The verdict was that "chemise" was the only acceptable word for the garment. The outcry provoked by Synge's plays was modulated gradually until it had turned into an ovation; by 1910 the Gaelic League, or rather the Gaelic revivalists, had proclaimed a reversal of opinion in a magazine article which included the work of Synge, along with the *Táin Bó Cuallighe* (*Cattle Raid of Cooley*) and the anonymous ballad "Slán le Pádraig Sírséil" ("Farewell to Patrick Sarsfield"), among the glories of the Gaelic tradition. The recantation came too late to gratify the playwright, who had been dead for a year. It's also, to be truthful, an assessment scarcely more judicious than the earlier nationalist denunciations. Those who have argued that Synge's literary impulse was satiric, reading into his creation of Christy Mahon, for example, an intention to deflate the heroic Cuchulain figure of Irish romance. This is a plausible and illuminating speculation. What's certain, though, is that Synge's own writings provide for the satirist or parodist a target even more conspicuous than anything contained in the Irish sagas. Here is Flann O'Brien: "I have personally met in the streets of Ireland persons who are clearly out of Synge's plays. They talk and dress like that, and damn the devil they'll swally but the mug of porter in the long nights after Samhain."

Synge's verbal confusions lend themselves to parody; but the author of the plays appears to have experienced no compulsion to send himself up in his other writings, either to indicate a degree of knowingness about the mode he invented, or to parade a nervous disinclination to take himself and his works too seriously. Only in a tentative and dress like that, and damn the devil they'll swally but the mug of porter in the long nights after Samhain.

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Ted Hughes

Ailing and aislings

Patricia Craig

burlesque is followed abruptly by a return to his brisker epistolary manner: "Do write me some decent letters before Tuesday's post."

The qualities that go into the most captivating correspondences — discursiveness, a talent for gossip, the ability to turn personal mishaps into the stuff of comedy, and so forth — are largely absent in Synge. His descriptive gift is exhibited very sparingly in this volume. A view of some carageen-moss-pickers in Kerry — "Dozens of men & women . . . out in the sea up to their waists — in old clothes, poling about for it under the water" — is virtually the only extract to mirror the playwright's concern with pungent effects.

At their worst, Synge's letters are coloured by jealousy, whining, petulance, skittishness or dejection. Naturally, it is Molly Allgood who bears the brunt of his low moods. Worse, she is made to feel responsible for causing them ("I cannot understand why you treat me so badly"). He is constantly, he would have her know, trading out in the rain to post letters to her, to the detriment of his health, and becoming fearfully aggrieved at her failure to do the same: "I don't know why you will not write to me, it is very strange."

Molly Allgood ("Maíre O'Neill") was the Abbey Theatre actress who took the part of Pegen Mike in the earliest production of Synge's *Playboy*. The author quickly fell under the spell of this capricious nineteen-year-old from a lower-middle-class Dublin family, whom he began addressing as "Changeling". However, the playwright's beguilement was never sufficient to discourage him from assuming a pedagogic role in his fiancée's life. In his letters he proposes to take her education in hand, reminds her constantly how young and foolish she is, despises her taste in hats, complains about the shortness and frequency of the notes she sends him, criticizes her handwriting, and flies into a paddy over her insignificant betrayals of his trust. Molly proves less tractable than he might have wished, but the alliance endures none the less. Whenever the quarrelling stops, the two go off on long romantic outings in the Wicklow hills ("Do not come of course if it is a wet day"); and Synge finally summons up the courage to mention Molly to his mother. Virtually everything about the relationship seems discordant, though. Molly's resentfulness, her intensity, her bitterness and his fastidiousness; her vitality and his ill-health. In fact Molly in the end developed one or two ailments of her own, perhaps in retaliation for the pathetic reports she received in nearly every post: "I have a sharp headache, and the sweat is running down my face with the exertion of writing these few lines." The beginning of 1907 saw a brief exchange of letters between a miserable pair, one with a sore eye and the other with a sore toe.

The querulousness of the invalid, and the discontent of the incapacitated and suspicious lover — these feelings conspire to exclude from Synge's letters to Molly the possibility of gracefulness, frivolity or anything at all in the way of aphoristic comment. A letter for him in any case is not a medium for effective or enduring self-expression. The bulk of the correspondence collected in this volume is flat, plain and businesslike in tone ("I very much regret delay in sending you the conditions we spoke of"; "Russell and I will draw up an

agenda paper of the matters that are to go before the meeting"; and so on). The vicissitudes of the Abbey Theatre, the internal dissensions which racked it in its earliest years and the criticism it drew from the extreme nationalist faction, occasionally obliged Synge (co-opted on to the board of directors in 1905, and forming, along with Yeats and Lady Gregory, the third in the formidable Abbey triumvirate) to set out in writing his views regarding theatrical policy and the handling of troublemakers. However, a concern with particulars, natural in the circumstances, but ultimately making for tiresomeness ("He thought she was not going to sign . . . I heard barely that Miss W. had signed . . ."), as well as what we might see as an excess of caution and tact, leaves Synge's letters to his co-directors scarcely more absorbing than those to his publishers. Ann Sadlemyer, an indefatigable editor, collector of information and annotator, has included every extant communication of her subject's for the years covered, down to the note to Joyce (1903) which reads in its entirety: "You will say so as it is all the same to me." Make of that what you will. There is much in the letters, indeed, that's no longer available to elucidation. Like this message for Molly Allgood: "I had no opportunity to speak to Fay about your teeth." The scope for speculation, however, is unrestricted. Did she bite him, or did she just need a new set?

Synge could be productively playful, as in the impressive poem "Queens", in which the eighteenth-century practice of naming mythological women in order to point out the worthlessness of these in comparison with some present-day beauty, finds a down-to-earth outlet. By exuberantly mocking this feature of *aisling* (vision) verse, Synge aligns himself with the last of the great Gaelic poets, Brian Merriman, whose splendid work, "Cuirt a Meadhan Oidche" ("The Midnight Court"), was conceived as a burlesque of this particular genre. In his poetry, as in his book about the Aran Islands, Synge keeps well away from the high colour of his dramas and the colourlessness of his correspondence, and shows how his dramatic art might have flourished in an atmosphere more temperate than the one in which he chose to locate it. He is a writer, though, whose work gains in interest as a consequence of the confusions and paradoxes which surrounded both it and him. By celebrating the energy he aroused extreme hostility in those most strongly committed to preserving that tradition. (He never lost the disapproval either, of critics, suspicious of his lack of earnestness. You can make a plausible story out of the fact that Synge's uncle, a Protestant missionary, anticipated the playwright's journey to the Aran Islands — where the uncle went to instruct, though the nephew went to learn, and no doubt the islanders were able to appreciate the difference. One of the family estates in Co Wicklow was the scene of an eviction carried out in person by Synge's brother as late as 1887, a fact of no importance whatever in literary terms, but one guaranteed to stir nationalist agitators of the period, who must have considered it instructive to set the heady goings-on of Synge's peasants against this genuine episode of peasant suffering. The name of the place was Glanmore, and its literary associations come right up to date with Seamus Heaney's recent sequence of "Glanmore Sonnet" — dedicated, appropriately enough, to the scholarly and enthusiastic editor of Synge's letters, Anne Sadlemyer.

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Getting clever

Adam Mars-Jones

TIM JEAL

Carnforth's Creation
253pp. Collins. £7.95.
0 00 221973 5

The Carnforth of *Carnforth's Creation* is Paul Carnforth, a young man who has unexpectedly inherited not only a title, but the money and property to set it off; the creation is "Rory Craig", a popstar cynically manufactured by him from the basic ingredients of the voice, good looks and working-class credibility of a young man called Roy Flannery.

The gimmick which makes this particular advertising campaign special is that "Rory Craig" is presented throughout as an unscrupulous manipulator. His first single, which is also the theme music of a commercial for a new camera, is called "Image Man", and the song by which he comes to be best known, "Getting Clever", advocates exploitation as the only way to survive in the world as it is.

Tim Jeal's novel, set rather too vaguely in the 1960s, attempts a sideways look at a decade rich in myths and styles. His vagueness about details (about who writes Rory Craig's music, for instance) is one of the weaknesses of the project; a reference to Rory's recording company putting out more cash in pre-publicity than anyone had done "since the Stones' second tour" is the nearest that *Carnforth's Creation* comes to the immediacy of gossip or inside knowledge.

Another disadvantage is the shifting point of view. We are introduced to the book's underlying situation by way of Paul's patrician wife Eleanor, who profoundly disapproves of his flirtation with low life; but in due course we are made privy to the lives not only of Paul and Roy, but also of Matthew, a filmmaker friend of Paul's who is persuaded to make a documentary on the star-making process. Matthew's wife Bridget and even Gemma, Paul's step-sister and sometime lover, get in on the act. Clarity of individual motive is achieved at the expense of a larger continuity.

Power games

Michael Hofmann

MARGARET CREAL

The Man Who Sold Prayers
198pp. Dent. £7.95.
0 460 04592 X

In the title-story of this collection Margaret Creal describes a Canadian rector who is perversely out of phase with religious fashion, for it is during the revival season that he loses his faith, and is obliged to make his living by writing prayers to order. After a prosperous, eccentric and unnaturally successful spell at this, his hand seizes up and his faith returns, whereupon he re-embraces his original vocation. It is presumably for this story in particular that Mary McCarthy offers her glowing praise: "pleasingly wicked" (prominently displayed on the cover), she finds it "continued and gratifying" (the "continued" is underlined). Creal's "uncertain, broad, farce" would be a fine example of "satire": Creal's compositions go unscathed with her elaborate, syncretistic psychological analysis.

He thought of the colour as a double-flat, and had always associated it with the cry of the lake-loon, whose "ah-hoo-hoo" had often startled him out of childhood sleep, appraising him of loneliness, madness and death.

Certainly, "The Man Who Sold Prayers" does not stand comparison with, say, J. F. Powers' Catholic novel of ecclesiastical commercialism, *Morte D'Urban*, which would have deserved McCarthy's words.

Fortunately, though, this story seems to be the exception here. In the other seven, Margaret Creal mixes better use of her strengths: a humane seriousness, excellent dialogue, and a

While the other characters remain consistent in their preoccupations (with status and each other) Eleanor abandons her previous persona when she falls in love with Roy. Roy, whose cynicism masks a tender and romantic nature, responds; but while there are many imaginable reasons for an ambitious protégé's falling in love with his patron's wife, it's never properly explained how Eleanor can express herself so freely ("Groupies apart, he'd never known anyone so uninhibited") in this new relationship. How has the *Karne Sutra* come to replace *Debreit's Correct Form* as her bedside book? Perhaps only Iris Murdoch can get away with characters who make U-turns without signalling.

Tim Jeal uses a stiff narrative voice and some eccentric grammar and punctuation. The resulting sentences are sometimes ill-organized: "Going through to the control room, Matthew gathered from the engineer, that session men had come in the day before to record the instrumental backing." "Wanting to laugh, Matthew managed not to; then, just when starting to feel safe, a snorting cackle burst out."

More damaging to the authority of a book set in trend-setting circles of the Sixties is the inaccuracy of its slang. When Sixties people said "That's your bag, man" (and in fact they usually said "That's not my bag, man"), they meant "That's what you like, not *Thai's* your responsibility"; when they thought someone was well-informed, they said he got it *sussed*, not *sussed*. When they referred to pentobarbitone sodium by its trade name, they said *nembutal*, not *nembutol*.

In any case the plot of *Carnforth's Creation* doesn't do all that much to dramatize Sixties concerns; the optimism of the period, however paper-thin, was real. You might expect some trace of it here. For cynical marketing manoeuvres the 1960s were quite outclassed by the 1970s; Malcolm McLaren didn't need a fortune or a country house, let alone a tame filmmaker, to manipulate the Sex Pistols into a position of artificial eminence in 1976. *Carnforth's Creation* is an uneasy mixture of hindsight and stereotype, nostalgia and satire; it would need a lot more detail, and a more imaginative plot, to get a proper purchase on a slippery decade.

convincing appraisal of mother-child relationships. These are features of the best story in the book, "Tales from a pensioner", an account of the confrontation between a clinging, attractive mother and her graceless son. The "tales" are told by the mother; they are observations from her holiday in Florence, pieces of gossip about the other guests. However, she talks on sufferance, frequently interrupted by the callow young man, who finally turns the tale on her and accuses her of having given him "a little morality" about how sons should behave to their mothers. It has only one false note: "Her attitude was that of a hostess eager to please, an unusually difficult guest, one who for reasons not immediately apparent must be treated with delicacy." This, unfortunately, says everything there is to be said, and effectively lays waste to twenty pages of meticulously directed dialogue. Many of the other stories are similarly "blasted" by authorial intervention. Margaret Creal is obviously fascinated by the transference of power that occurs when people talk, and she manages them flawlessly until it would seem that she is overcome by the injustice of it all, and this is moved to intervene in person. "At Sunnyvale Villa" is set in an old people's hospital, and involves the terrible symbiosis between the dumb, dying Mrs Cameron and her devoted visiting family and the bullying, casual spitefulness of her room-mate Mrs Preston, which, of course, she is unable to point out. Bullied upon the impossibility of privacy and the tension between speakers and non-speakers, this story is masterly in its sustained pathos - except that it is, for Ms Creal's manipulative descriptions of the dignity of suffering. If she could refrain from throwing her righteousness into the mix, she would be a better writer. All the difficult things are done.

Red in human form

Brian Morton

GABRIELLE LORD

Tooth and Claw
160p. Bodley Head. £7.50.
0 370 30945 0

Gabrielle Lord's second novel is a taut thriller set - rather unpromisingly - on an isolated smallholding near Sydney. Beth has escaped from the city, and a tragically unhappy affair, to try to live by her wits and good sense, and to recover some sort of personal equilibrium. She lives with only her dog for company, and occasional, flirty visits from her neighbour down the valley.

She lives, in other words, alone - until she becomes convinced she is being watched from the hill overlooking her land; her dog stiffens and growls at unexpected intervals, there are noises in the night, and, one morning, a rubber-soled bootprint in the dirt of her yard; finally, she weakens to find all her chickens slaughtered and hung from a wattle tree.

Unable to get help from the

uncomprehending local police, she takes refuge with her neighbours Robin, Garth and Astrid, unsure whether or not they are her persecutors but at least convinced of safety in numbers. In due course, Robin's lover Elvira appears, trying to rekindle their relationship, and Elvira's journal carries half the remaining narrative. The sexual manoeuvring is predictably complicated and tortured as the novel builds to a shattering, thoroughly consistent climax.

As the tension builds, Gabrielle Lord carefully introduces the elements of that climax - a faintly heard motorcycle engine; bees; psilocybin mushrooms; guns; a dilatory policeman; and a whole range of more abstract concerns: Australian bigotry; jealousy; witchcraft; the illusory nature of sexual freedom; violence and criminality. Too many elements, perhaps, but expertly meshed in her plot.

Many of the book's oppositions seem crude and schematic when isolated. City and country are set against each other, but *Tooth and Claw* is no pastoral idyll; nature is fundamentally savage. Neither city nor

country is a refuge from the ills of the other; both are compromised by the presence of the human. The country is invaded by the city's repressions and by its technology; in turn the city grows savage (this "tribalism" of city life has become an important Australian theme, made explicit, for example, in Peter Weir's film *The Last Wave*). Magic mushrooms suggest a bucolically innocent attitude to drugs, but the plot hinges on a kilo of heroin, and the mushrooms are eventually put to violent, horrifying use - weakened in impact only by the "fine writing" and excessive descriptive detail which mars passages in a book that is otherwise sparsely and economically written.

Tooth and Claw's emblem and central image is an obscene scarecrow in human shape, constructed from the butchered bodies of small animals. Nature's "redness" takes, in Gabrielle Lord's vision, a human form; animals themselves - a dog, a cat, chickens, the loathsome totem on the hill - represent unmanageable impulses the human beings prefer to deny, and, in the end, the return of the repressed; human beings are reduced to creatures in a Pavlovian experiment controlled by the demented watcher on the hill.

devotion he seems to persuade us that these monsters exist, somewhere, and we must be protected from their designs. He growls at the images he has made of them. He would snarl, were it not so undignified.

The plot proceeds entirely according to tradition, by rhetorical discourse. The characters dispute one with another. For a psychomachia by a military author it is a curiously airy battle, apart from a token skirmish in Shetland. The heritage and destiny of our nation are talked away, notionally in bedrooms, boardrooms and at least a suspension of alcohol. "This is all crazy," reflects the hero, champion of light, in a rare thrillerish moment when someone looks him in a room. "We are middle-placed, promising Civil Servants, not creatures from a book by Le Carré or Buchanan. Could that be a wistful tone in General Sir David Fraser's voice? The hero's age is gone; a good clean pistol-shot is nothing to the rumble of the Bomb; policy co-ordinators have ousted the great men; and the only honourable place left for Britain is the bosom of America, home of the brave and free.

... under the bed

Colin Greenland

DAVID FRASER

August 1988
235pp. Collins. £8.50.
0 00 222725 8

In only four years' time a new British government will scrap nuclear arms, withdraw entirely from the EEC and almost so from NATO. However improbable the proposition, it might have made an effective political thriller, even a novel. General Sir David Fraser has made it the basis for a morality exercise, a propaganda tract thinly overlaid with fiction. So transparent is the overlay that it fails to convey any sense that this is 1988. The railways are still running, though with slightly fewer staff. Middle-class lovers call each other "my beloved" and "my heart". There isn't a computer in sight.

A certain archaism is very proper to the morality. 1984 was about 1948. The form has its virtues: clarity of exposition, and engagement with ethical and social issues. You know exactly where you are in a morality,

Fraser's allegory is secular and contemporary: the major forces are not Vice and Virtue as such, but a Russia red in tooth and claw and a not-so-Whitehall, with Presidential Joe astride the American eagle as *dieu ex machina*. The forfeit soul is, alas, Britain, stripped naked of her nuclear armour by the good intentions of a foolish and feeble government. Its Prime Minister is "not renowned for robust patriotism". General Sir David Fraser, in full dress uniform on the flyleaf, is renowned and decorated for exactly that. He is a bitter man, who fears that he may see his country delivered into the "thick fingers" of a foreign imperialist race with a "hideous, gold-toothed leer" on their "broad, unmemorable faces". These are the fearsome demons of the morality, "insolent, sneering and contemptuous". So rapt is Fraser's

... or in mask and jaw

David Profumo

DAVID STEPHEN

Bodach the Badger
191pp. Century Publishing. £7.95.
0 7126 0176 7

An experienced naturalist, David Stephen has written several books about wildlife, particularly that of the Scottish Highlands, and his keen sympathetic eye made these delightful and instructive. His prose fiction sometimes displays similar qualities: the spongy protagonist of this, his second novel, is an admirable "brood" of the dozen of his gley (his name means "old bog") in a tidy, independent, pacific badger. In whose adventures during the course of a year comprise the substance of the book. These are strengthened by the author's personal observations - a description of rats being hunted out of frosty sand, for example, is almost identical to that in two previous non-fictional accounts - and such are the sources of the novel's authenticity.

The world through which Bodach swings on his nightly expeditions teems with nature's variety, humans making only incidental, albeit crucial, appearances. Stephen clearly does not consider that a book is essentially about animals should at some stage become a book about something else, and to this book's advantage; since he achieves

Walt Disney anthropomorphism and Richard Adams backchat - there is no animal speech, little attributed cognition, and only a soft psychological focus. The gley below Ben Dearg is instead another predator, the human axis being represented by two contrasting gamekeepers - the heroic Coll, soft-spoken in soft tweeds, and the mercenary Campbell, who turns badgers into sporrans. More interesting, though, are Bodach's encounters with fellow animals, for Stephen evocatively weaves an invisible network of instincts and olfactory signals by which the mammals and birds organize their behaviour.

The novel's main failing is its structural looseness. While the local detail is arresting, there is little evidence of a shaping principle at work, no endoskeleton. There is also precious little narrative tension, something which is not helped by the illustrations at the head of each chapter which serve merely to anticipate the few surprises in store. Intended perhaps to imitate the cycles of "natural" time by removing the usual human points of reference, this looseness instead lends a shambling gait to the plot, rolling it at times into "burrows" of little episode, making it difficult to gain much purchase on the whole.

Most people, though, will learn a lot about badgers and other wildlife from the book. Its other chief attraction is

Utilitarianism versus ipsedixitism

D. D. Raphael

JEREMY BENTHAM

Constitutional Code: Volume 1
Edited by F. Rosen and J. H. Burns
612pp. Oxford: Clarendon Press.
£48.
0 19 822608 X

FREDERICK ROSEN

Jeremy Bentham and Representative Democracy: A Study of the 'Constitutional Code'
255pp. Oxford: Clarendon Press.
£19.50.
0 19 822656 X

JEREMY BENTHAM

Deontology, together with A Table of the Springs of Action and the Article on Utilitarianism
Edited by Amnon Goldworth
£38.
394pp. Oxford: Clarendon Press.
0 19 822609 8

It is now fifteen years since *The Collected Works of Jeremy Bentham* began to appear. Eight volumes were published, between 1968 and 1981, by the Athlone Press, which was until a few years ago the publishing house of the University of London and which still retains a connection with that institution. The project was recently transferred, largely for financial reasons, to the Clarendon Press of the University of Oxford. Bentham can properly be regarded as belonging to both universities, to Oxford as an alumnus, to London as spiritually a founding father and corporeally a permanent resident. Both presses have done him proud in the standard of production lavished on the *Collected Works*. (Surprisingly, perhaps, Oxford seems to have dropped the standard of the quality of paper used.) And both, alas, are compelled to raise high standards with high prices, despite financial help from outside.

The costs of publication are only part of the expense of this enormous undertaking. One by one the immense amount of intellectual effort devoted to the project by a little army of scholarly editors and their research assistants. There is so much material still to come that no one knows how many years will be needed to complete the task. In these circumstances one is compelled to ask whether it is all worth

while. I do not find it easy to reach an honest answer to that question, but on the whole I think it should be yes. At any rate the Bentham project has as good a claim on intellectual energy, and the funds to support it, as other modern enterprises of providing complete scholarly editions of the works of voluminous writers, such as Voltaire, Boswell, or J. S. Mill.

The justification has to come from the enlightenment afforded by the new edition, and the best example for this purpose is the treatise *Of Laws in General*. The publication of a complete and reliable version of that work showed that Bentham had made a signal contribution to fundamental problems in the philosophy of law.

Frederick Rosen thinks that the same sort of thing can be said of the *Constitutional Code* in the field of political theory. He claims that it is a "major theoretical work on a representative democracy", "the classic utilitarian text on representative democracy, far superior in scope, depth, and subtlety to those of James Mill and J. S. Mill", finally that it is "the classic text of liberal democracy". Having immersed himself for a long time in this large, unfinished work, and especially in the first volume (the only one published by Bentham himself) as still retains a connection with that institution. The project was recently transferred, largely for financial reasons, to the Clarendon Press of the University of Oxford. Bentham can properly be regarded as belonging to both universities, to Oxford as an alumnus, to London as spiritually a founding father and corporeally a permanent resident. Both presses have done him proud in the standard of production lavished on the *Collected Works*. (Surprisingly, perhaps, Oxford seems to have dropped the standard of the quality of paper used.) And both, alas, are compelled to raise high standards with high prices, despite financial help from outside.

Bentham announces the *Constitutional Code* on the title page as being "for the use of all nations and of all governments" professing liberal opinions. It is curious that, with this purpose in mind, he should go into so much detail about the composition of government and administration, based (because Mill said that India was not fit for representative government). This to a considerable extent on British experience and some comparison with

American. But then he was never able to desist from following up all the specifications of a general proposition that occurred to him.

Despite the difficulty of seeing the wood for the trees, Bentham's *Code* does have its interest for political theory. He adds a "constitutive authority", the electorate, to the usual three powers or authorities of legislature, executive (Bentham calls it "administrative"), and judiciary. He sets great store by the political power of public opinion, comparing it with the influence of the Common Law. He assigns sovereignty to the people, meaning the power of the electorate to appoint the legislature and, after petition, to vote for dismissal of individual members and ministers (including the Prime Minister), judges, and functionaries. What of the kind of sovereignty that is possessed by Parliament in the constitution of the United Kingdom? Bentham ascribes to his supreme legislature an "omnipotence", meaning an unlimited power to legislate, unlimited but subject to "checks" such as criticism by the "public opinion tribunal" and the risk of dismissal. He emphasizes the danger of corruption, comparing its prevalence in politics with that of gravity in physics. Public servants are to be appointed after competitive examination and subject to "pecuniary competition", the job going to the qualified candidate who offers to take it at the lowest salary.

Rosen argues that Bentham's proposals for representative government do better than those of James Mill in seeking an identity of interests between rulers and ruled. James Mill relies simply on frequent elections; Bentham extends the franchise to all adult males, restricts re-election of members of the legislature, and allows dismissal by popular vote. Rosen also regards Bentham as superior to J. S. Mill because Bentham concentrates on securing "moral and intellectual aptitude" in the ruling class while Mill wants to foster it in the people as a whole. Rosen's main criticism of Mill's position is that it leads to paternalism (because education of the people means treating them as pupils) and to the justification of colonialism (because Mill said that India was not fit for representative government). This comment strikes me as radicalism run

riot. Rosen allows that the relation between teacher and pupil "need not be paternalistic" but thinks it is more likely to be so with adult pupils. As for Mill's remarks about India, Rosen does not stop to consider that they at least have the merit of arising from empirical knowledge, unlike much of Bentham's theorizing.

Although Bentham's contributions to the theory of law and government rested upon the ethical theory of utilitarianism, he did not make an equally valuable contribution to ethical theory itself. His criticism of opponents in that field depended on knockabout ridicule and often on ignorance of what they really said, and his defence of utilitarianism overlooks its importance in the history of utilitarianism lies in altering its aim from pure to applied science and in stimulating J. S. Mill and then Sidgwick to develop the theory more effectively.

The *Deontology* volume, which belongs to ethical theory, has two main features of interest. Its editor, Amnon Goldworth, draws attention to the first, a recognition by Bentham in middle age of "the ubiquitous character of the social affection of sympathy or benevolence", which he added as an additional "sanction" to the four listed in his *Introduction to the Principles of Morals and Legislation*. In consequence, "ipsedixitism" (or "the principle of caprice") takes the place of "the principle of sympathy and antipathy" as a catch-all name for alternatives to utilitarianism.

The second feature of interest is classification, of motives in the *Table of the Springs of Action* and of virtues in *Deontology*. Bentham evidently thought that classification marked an important scientific advance. "The Linnaeus of Ethics is yet to come," he wrote when essaying in *Deontology* a classification of the virtues. The phrase recalls an earlier would-be scientific ambition when he wrote in a letter that the Newton of the moral world was yet to come.

It seems to me that Bentham's detailed classification of the virtues does not in fact add to our understanding of ethics. His main classification into three cardinal virtues has potential but proves to be disappointing. The three cardinal

(intrinsically useful) virtues are prudence, which is self-regarding, and probity and beneficence, both of which are other-regarding. Probity differs from beneficence in being thought obligatory. Probity is virtually identical with justice, the difference between them being "grammatical" (a matter of usage), not logical or ethical. Bentham says nothing of the special features of the concept of justice as fairness and remains blind to the difficulties which it poses for the theory of utilitarianism.

The editing of both the Bentham volumes calls for warm congratulation. Textual material and editorial comment alike give the reader all that he could reasonably ask for and do not irritate with unnecessary clutter. (Professor Goldworth has a particularly difficult task in working out the best method of presenting *Deontology*, markedly different from the version written up by John Bowring in his own words and published in 1838), since the manuscripts of the indication of their relation to each other. Bentham would be gratified to know that American scholars are now playing as large a part as British in the project of editing his works.

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States of knowledge

Jennifer Hornsby

ROBERT K. SHOPE

The Analysis of Knowledge: A Decade of Research
255pp. Guildford: Princeton University Press. £21.60 (paperback, £7.75).
0 691 07725 2

Robert K. Shope wants to know what it is to know something, and he thinks that to know this would be to have found a necessary and sufficient condition for knowing that does not employ the word "know". His startling point is a short paper by Edmund Gettier, published in 1963, which challenged a certain traditional analysis of knowledge. According to that analysis, one knows that a nearby building is on fire just if it is true that a nearby building is on fire, one believes that a nearby building is on fire, and one is justified in believing that a nearby building is on fire. Gettier described cases of a person who believed something true, with justification, but who none the less did not know it.

Suppose, for instance, that you believe an apparently sincere person, in fact engaged in a practical joke, who comes and tells you that your neighbour's house is on fire; but suppose that, as it happens and by chance, a different building a short way down the street is on fire. There is a discrepancy here between the intuitive judgment that you do not know that a

nearby building is on fire and the verdict that would strictly have to be delivered by the traditional analysis. Your case provides a counter-example, of the sort that Gettier used, against the traditional analysis.

Since Gettier wrote, the literature has seen counter-examples against proposed definitions of knowledge of greater and greater intricacy and complication. Shope surveys this literature. He is a patient and indefatigable reviewer who tolerates anything "on offer".

Consider one of the ninety-eight cases he discusses, typical enough (in style and content) of these fictions. Eloise speaks to Abelard on the telephone on his birthday, and Abelard rightly takes Eloise to be wishing him a happy birthday. But wishing him a happy birthday, doubted whether Eloise would remember to call, and he has hired an actress who can give a perfect imitation of Eloise. The actress is trying to get through even as Eloise dials (unsuspected by Abelard of course), so that if Eloise had not dialled just when she did, the actress would be speaking. Does Abelard know that Eloise is wishing him a happy birthday? Shope says Yes (and so do I). But there are plenty of philosophers who would disagree: their intuition (formed, informed or deformed by study of epistemology, doubt) is that Abelard doesn't know this.

The existence of such a disagreement of intuitions could seem fatal to Professor Shope's enterprise: for as long as other people's attitudes to some crucial cases differ from

Shope's, there will be putative analyses which Shope but not they (or they but not Shope) will take to be refuted; and it will not be possible for Shope to persuade everyone of the correctness of his own analysis. But this probably only shows that for purposes of the debate more than the alleged counter-examples. And indeed, what Shope gives us is not always confined to his own judgments about cases. Where Abelard is concerned, for example, Shope presents two arguments (p. 124n and p. 226) why one ought to count him a knower.

But if Shope can use argument to count people's intuitions about cases, then why not use argument to guide their conception of knowledge? Towards the end of the book, he gestures at some general questions - about the representational status of knowledge states, about the value of knowledge, and about its connections with the notion of explanation and with the notion of ability. These questions, he thinks, provide ideas for future research. But why not for present research?

The lack of perspective in Shope's book places heavy demands on the reader. For it is possible to consider a case, and accept that some analysis is shown incorrect, without having any firm impression of what has been going wrong. The difficulty one has here of keeping step with the truth. One learns little about a proposed analysis simply by becoming apprised of a counter-example to it; progress requires

a diagnosis of its fault, proceeding from some sense of what one should be aiming at.

Introducing a perspective, one might see the various analyses Shope reviews as lesser or greater departures from the traditional account. The conservatives are prepared to stay with a traditional conception of justification, according to which the question whether a subject is justified in believing something is justified in believing some-thing turns on the character of his states of mind conceived (at least in the first instance) from which the subject's point of view - which then allows it to be an accidental fact about a state of mind that it is directed on to a truth, as a state of knowledge is. The radicals think it impossible to isolate the states of mind which are states of knowledge without seeing those states as themselves involved somehow with the facts.

Shope puts his positive proposals at the end. They prove to be a careful mixture of traditional and new. The Gettier problem is to be solved by the introduction of justification-explaining chains. But we must take account of a different problem for the traditional account. Shope thinks, revealed by cases that expose a social dimension in the concept of knowledge; and this other problem is to be solved by means more radical (in my terms) and less precisely specified (in Shope's book). I doubt whether the concept of knowledge can split into two in the way Shope seems to envisage. I keep the hypothesis that he has introduced the split because he appreciates the virtues of something radical without being able to free himself from traditional conceptions.

Curricular debate

Geoffrey G. Field

JAMES C. ALBISSETTI
Secondary School Reform in Imperial
Germany
365pp. Guildford: Princeton
University Press. £30.30.
0 691 05373 1

The way in which educational institutions mirror, respond to and help shape social, cultural and political developments is highly complex. Among the merits of James C. Albisetti's book is that it shuns rash explanations and achieves a convincing balance between what we might call external pressures for reform of education and those that stem from more abstract pedagogic concerns within the educational system. His study fills an important gap in the scholarship in education and more generally on administrative change and modernization. His conclusions are rather more favourable towards German secondary schools than most writers, arguing that they educated more people to a higher level than their counterparts in England, France and Russia and were not any more elitist, narrowly classicist, or resistant to change than those other systems.

The chief focus is Prussia and the author has made extensive use of archival sources, in particular the petitions sent to the Ministry of Education and the responses of officials. Other German states largely followed the Prussian example in secondary school matters. The salient feature of the German system was a rigid demarcation between the classical

Gymnasien and the different types of "modern" *Bürger- and Realschulen*. The former, with its heavy emphasis upon classical languages and history, enjoyed the highest prestige and was the pathway to university and to careers in the civil service and the professions. Even those who did not gain the coveted *Abitur* had special privileges with regard to subordinate government posts. Champions of the classical *Gymnasium* saw its curriculum as the foundation of civilized culture, and they waged a fierce battle to resist either its dilution with "realist" or "utilitarian" knowledge or the extension of equal status to the "modern" institutions.

The central themes of the school debate became fairly well defined in the first two decades after Unification. Albisetti is particularly good in distinguishing the diverse shades of opinion about structural and curricular reform and shows the error of simply lumping advocates of classical learning together as "anti-modernizers" or defenders of class elitism. University scientists stressed that incoming students were inadequately prepared to undertake advanced work. Other participants were preoccupied by the growing problem of school "bailouts", an unflattering but telling expression for the two-thirds of *Gymnasium* students who in the later 1880s did not graduate. Prussian officials spent considerable time speculating on how the "bailouts" could be deflected into other institutions without major structural change. Some reformers urged the extension of equal rights of entry into the civil service and professional careers to the *Realschulen*, others concentrated upon

reform of the *Gymnasien*, still others sought a common foundation for all secondary schools, delaying the tracking of pupils into specialisms. For some the debate was engaged on abstract pedagogical grounds, for others the requirement of a modernizing society were the chief concern.

Other concerns that gained increasing publicity from the 1880s owed much to the vulgarized Social Darwinism and anxieties about national decadence so widespread in the *fin de siècle*. Demands for greater curricular emphasis upon German language and history were voiced by a broad spectrum of opinion - from *völkisch* extremists like Paul Lagarde to moderates like Friedrich Paulsen. In addition, education was criticized as narrowly academic and neglectful of the need for physical exercise; demands upon pupils were said to be excessive, even dangerously so. Certainly, one can hardly imagine a German *Abiturient* reflecting back, as did R. G. Collingwood of Rugby, that the slightest interest in studies was bound to get one disliked, not only by the boys but by the masters as well. But while noting that the average age of graduation got steadily higher, Albisetti is sceptical about the curricula and he downplays press allegations of schoolboy suicides as a result of academic overburdening.

Before 1890 reformers made relatively little headway. Unlike in England or France, the crucial initiative came not from parliamentary bodies or political parties, but as a result of the sudden, personal intervention of Kaiser Wilhelm II. It

was, Albisetti argues, this restless personality rather than changed circumstances in society that broke the impasse, although Wilhelm's immediate concern in the Cabinet Order of May 1890 was to open another ideological front in the struggle against Social Democracy. His sympathies, however, were known to favour reform, including a reduction in the time allotted to classics in relation to science and German. As for the much publicized School Conference of 1890, where Wilhelm actually launched his attack on the *Gymnasium*, Albisetti traces its origin to an elaborate effort by the Prussian education minister, Gossler, to "bustress his own resistance" to the Emperor's bulldozing tactics. In the event neither the reformers nor the traditionalist supporters of the *Gymnasium* came away satisfied. Yet, in 1892, after much lobbying and manoeuvring, several significant changes were made in the classical curriculum. The "modern" schools also made steady progress in the 1890s, aided by personal changes in the Prussian Ministry of Education. Indeed, the Second School Conference of 1900 marked a new level of acceptance of non-classical learning as an equally valid source of *Bildung* and in the decree that followed all nine-year secondary schools gained equal access to universities and other privileges. Subsequently, enrolment in *Realschulen* rose dramatically, as did the numbers of candidates they trained for the professions.

Comparing the German secondary schools to others in Europe, Albisetti concludes that they were "well in step with the times" and that resistance to

modernization among the German elites has often been exaggerated. Another possible line of reflection would have been to view them in the overall context of German education, the "elementary" or *Volksschulen* attended by the overwhelming mass of Germans. Many proposals for reform did entail far-reaching changes in the secondary system. It is also interesting to recall that while religious disputes were the rock upon which almost completely absent from the debate over higher education. As one liberal politician remarked in 1925, "practical Christianity for the masses, classical humanism for the cultured classes".

Occasionally, too, a point is made that leaves the reader eager for further comment. Albisetti's research leads him to conclude that the degree of alienation and disaffection among German youth was greater than in other countries; school reforms did nothing to abate this. Why was this so and why was there so little sentimental attachment or loyalty to schools? One thinks, in contrast, of the deep emotional imprinting achieved by late-Victorian public schools, with their network of old boys' organizations and vast, nostalgic literature. I should add that the book does include short but informative comments on secondary education for women (pointedly omitted from the agenda of the School Conferences), a largely unsearched subject to which Albisetti intends to devote another book. The task is in good hands.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

A lot of theatre-history material, like source material for other kinds of research, is out of print, scarce and widely scattered. A lot has never been in print - diaries and letters and prompt-books, all unique to certain collections. Much is in pasted-up scrap-books of newspaper reviews, again unique in this form. There is probably more than anyone has yet discovered buried in old periodicals, of which one library may have twenty years' worth, another ten years', with a gap of six months which yet another library will be able to supply. The frustrations of work in this field are considerable, and the growth of commercial microform publishing, which enables any library to have copies of rare material in bulk, is therefore very welcome.

But there are disadvantages. A theatre researcher is usually in pursuit of a particular actor or designer or play or idea - the idea, say, of the "natural" in the eighteenth century. Much of the source material will only give up a rare nugget. One has to sift and rummage. And yet it is very difficult to rummage in microform. Purposeful skimming, jumping, simultaneous comparison across gaps (one finger in one page, as it were, another in another) is just where microfilm, by its very nature, is least "user-friendly". After an hour or so of watching the pages whizz or slowly surge past, whether on fiche or film, one's head reels.

This may sound churlish when microfilm and microfiche probably offer the only chance that most researchers will ever have of seeing

certain documents at all. Besides which they save valuable space and make it possible to conserve the originals - in some cases badly worn. All the same, the prospect is daunting. Librarians and museum curators will increasingly as a matter of course offer theatre researchers in certain fields reels and fiches. As unique collections become readily available in this form, travel grants will be deemed less necessary. The chances of ever being able to examine certain things in book form again will be sharply diminished.

Minute indexing will help, and will have to become standard, preferably in a separate accompanying booklet, though there are reader-printers (a reader being the machine which enlarges the microform object) which would copy a filmed index onto paper. It's not much use having an index, or a table of contents, on the same film or fiche as the book, to be consulted back and forth past frame after heaving frame. So far, at least in Great Britain, very little theatrical literature of the kind needing an index (prompt-books present different problems) has yet been published. The United States are further advanced.

University Microfilms International (300 North Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106, USA; English office: 30-32 Mortimer Street, London W1) has published in microfilm a collection of eighty-seven relatively rare books, periodicals and manuscript diaries called *Source Materials in the Field of Theatre*, which is accompanied by a

useful annotated bibliography in booklet form. It was gathered together from a variety of sources by a committee of American scholars. About three-quarters of the collection consists of French, Italian and German works, many of them seventeenth- and eighteenth-century treatises on theatrical architecture, scenery and the art of acting. Obviously rarity was a prime consideration, but the emphasis on foreign works sometimes seems almost perversely learned: why, for example, Sainte-Albine's *Le Comédien* (1747), but without John Hill's rare contemporary translation of it, which draws its illustrative examples from the English stage? Admittedly the translation of Hill back into French (1770) is included, but the English version would have been a convenient addition. But perhaps of more concern here is the fact that all the volumes are reproduced just as they were originally published, with or without indexes or tables of content, these things being embedded, where they exist at all, in the original order, where the lack of an index is bearable. But there are others, equally valuable to the historian, which are more or less haphazard and casual. There is a moment where the author of the bibliography, Vincent L. Angotti, describing such a book, discreetly betrays his feelings: "information retrieval is difficult but rewarding for the patient scholar". And of course few scholars would care to call themselves "patient".

Microfiche publishers' practices in England has been equally firm on the issue without the same reluctance to provide, so far as the specialist library. What has been done here to that printed, manuscript and scrap books is more and more. The most one has to say here is that there; something the publisher cannot help but do. They were chosen, and has Walker's famous lecture in 1888 which was made from his own books, and it was the enlargement of the printed text, that impressed him.

Morris certainly relied on Walker's technical knowledge, needed to embark on his typographic adventure, and was actually said to be a menace in the composing room, with a tendency to upturn the key of the cases. But the remarkably sure-footed way the Kelmscott books were designed and, above all, decorated, is due to Morris. And it was Morris's writings which helped to spread his typographical ideas to the trade.

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unindexed microfilm of twenty-two Henry Irving scrap-books made by his contemporary Percy Fitzgerald, are in the process of preparing an index-booklet, and have brought out a brief introduction about the author.

But, on the whole, it is an unpromising picture. More professional is the approach to the publication of collections of playbills, photographs and, most recently, prompt-books. Of course there is less need here for scholars compiling lists. The collections come ready-made. Also the task of index-making is relatively easy. Both American and English publishers are active here. Chadwyck-Healey (Somerset House, 417 Maitland Avenue, Tennek, NJ, USA; English office: 20 Newmarket Road, Cambridge) have published on microfiche the huge Vandaam collection of photographs held by the New York Library and Museum of Performing Arts - a collection which covers almost every New York production from 1919 to 1961. The same publishers are also filming the invaluable collection of nineteenth-century London playbills held by the Theatre Museum (in the Victoria and Albert Museum, Oxford Road, London SW6) have put onto fiche the Bodleian Library's holding of Dickens playbills - that is, playbills for contemporary that cashed in on Dickens's popularity. All this material is well arranged, indexed, captioned on each frame where necessary, and provided with introductions - in the case of the Theatre Museum's playbills there will even be a map, the hand-out tells us, of the London theatres of the day. And not the least advantage is fiche itself, which, unlike rolled film, can be quickly identified and plucked out from the mass.

Fiche is also being used for the publication of prompt-books. Ormonde Publishing Ltd (76 Clarendon Road, London SW6) have published the Theatre Museum's considerable collection - the nineteenth-century American actor James Hackett's prompt-books; those of William Poel, that curious late-nineteenth-century evangelist for Elizabethanism; and the Old Vic Shakespeare production books from 1937 to 1963. Prompt-books, especially old ones with their sometimes faint and rubbed

markings, present a technical challenge greater one guesses, than other kinds of theatre material. Ormonde have done an excellent job. One rarely wishes one could take a page to the window, as it were, to tilt it in the light. And it is a sensible decision, where prompt-pages in the original are to the left of right-hand pages, and to the right of left-hand pages, to have standardized them, left or right, throughout.

But prompt-books are sometimes very confusing, with loose leaves pinned in or thrust perhaps into the wrong places. One stands some chance of sorting out a muddle with the book in front of one, but microfiche compounds any problem. On the whole I have had no trouble with those I have looked at, but there was one, a Hackett copy of *Henry IV Part I*, where the order of text- and prompt-pages had, in one place, gone completely haywire. Obviously the publishers must avoid that kind of tangle, but the question also arises as to whether they might go further and take advantage of the change of medium to smooth out deliberate rearrangements of the text - a common feature in nineteenth-century prompt-books. If the stage manager's instruction is to go thirty pages ahead, then ten back, then pick up where you last left off, it might be an idea to film the book in that order, with due explanation. After all, the point is not the authenticity of the volume, but the convenience of the reader, who can't help him- or herself by keeping the place with slips of paper.

Ormonde are already in consultation with other libraries and museums that hold prompt-books (the Folger, for example, in Washington). A policy of accumulation is being followed. So far the books are to be sold as they are, with no critical extras. But the publishers are aware that the collection may prove to be the nucleus for a wider body of theatrical material. The "business" marked down in a prompt-book needs to be seen in the light of contemporary reactions. There is room for extracts from reviews, for illustrations of actors and scenery. One can see how things might grow, and the prospect is exciting. With any luck this kind of venture might help provoke the sort of interest in theatre history in Britain that has long existed in America.

Next to be longed for

Sebastian Carter

WILLIAM S. PETERSON (Editor)

The Ideal Book: Essays and Lectures on the Art of the Book by William Morris
176pp. University of California Press. £36.
0 520 04563 7

If I were asked to say what is at once the most important production of Art and the thing most to be longed for, I should answer, A beautiful House; and if I were further asked to name the production next in importance and the thing next to be longed for, I should answer, A beautiful Book.

So wrote William Morris in an unpublished essay previously published only in a limited edition in 1934), which begins this useful collection of his writings on the arts of the book. Morris's great contribution to his first love, architecture, was made at the beginning of his career, in Red House, which was an early monument of the revival of the English vernacular style. His friend Philip Webb was the architect, but Morris was far more than simply an enlightened patron: At the same time, he and Burne-Jones began at experiment in his next dearest love, book production. They planned to produce an illustrated folio edition of Morris's collection of verse tales *The Earthly Paradise*, and got as far as engraving on wood the illustrations for one tale before their ignorance of book design thwarted the project. It was not for another quarter-century, when he was in his mid-fifties and had only a few more years to live, that Morris felt encouraged to try once more to print his own books, this time by setting up the Kelmscott Press.

That he was able to do so was due to another creative partnership with a sympathetic professional, his Hammermith neighbour Emery Walker. Walker made his living as a trade photo-engraver but made his reputation as the attendant spirit of the private press movement. The elements of the Kelmscott typographical style - the closely set pages, the attention to the position of the type on the page - grew out of the long discussions the two men had in Morris's library, for in the years since the *Earthly Paradise* project Morris must have given much thought to the problems of book

production. He had written and illuminated his own manuscripts, and was building up a magnificent collection of medieval manuscripts and early printed books; indeed, the side which so fired his imagination, and which so inspired his work, was largely made from his own books, and it was the enlargement of the printed text, that impressed him.

Morris certainly relied on Walker's technical knowledge, needed to embark on his typographic adventure, and was actually said to be a menace in the composing room, with a tendency to upturn the key of the cases. But the remarkably sure-footed way the Kelmscott books were designed and, above all, decorated, is due to Morris. And it was Morris's writings which helped to spread his typographical ideas to the trade.

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The progress of pessimism

Daniel Johnson

STEFAN POPOV

Am Ende aller Illusionen: Der Europäische Kulturpessimismus
520pp. Cologne: Wissenschaft und Politik.
3 8046 8596 X

So meagre is the literature on pessimism, as compared with the literature of optimism, that Stefan Popov's comparative history of pessimism in England, France, Germany and Russia is welcome, if only because it is unprecedented. Pessimism is taken here to definition that includes most of the phenomena we associate with the specifically cultural pessimism which, as cultural pessimism which, as Popov says, arises when human self-realization becomes conscious.

The brevity, fluency and self-assur-

ance of his account are disarming. Its comparative method yields dividends: he is quite right, for instance, to emphasize the symbolic status of Russia, particularly for German cultural pessimists; and he shows how Russian intellectuals were taken in by Western fatalism, thereby making a virtue and ultimately a necessity of their own backwardness. Though he treats the religious - as indeed all metaphysical - fears taken by pessimism since the Renaissance perfunctorily, if not contemptuously, Popov seems to find approval of present devotional revivals (above all anti-utilitarian ones) quite compatible with being "at the end of all illusions". In these lively, if unorthodox, speculations, Popov is indebted to Spengler and his "second religiosity", the counterpart to the Caesarism of ageing civilizations.

The book is flawed as a work of history. In the first place, it is not adequately researched: the sections on England, France and Russia derive largely from German secondary works and are

frequently superficial. Even the much longer section on Germany, "The Spirit and its Shell", is very short on primary sources; it is often hard to tell what Popov has at first hand because the reference notes are quite skimpy. Neither index nor bibliography is supplied. The intellectual level is pitched uncertainly; at one point the author himself asks: "Why do we repeat what is known?" Why indeed? Particularly since his long passages of political history are old hat and often out of date: such as the tireless attacks upon the German bourgeoisie for avoiding a revolution, and upon the Russian bourgeoisie for not preventing one - or rather, for not existing. There are errors on almost every page, most of them petty, but they are cumulative-ly disturbing.

This cavalier treatment is not gratuitous. Popov disagrees with all those of whom Nietzsche, explaining modern pessimism, wrote that the goal was lacking. Pessimism abhors all who are dominated by their purposes, for it

teaches that even the world itself has no purpose. It removes the burden of justification, or "cultural responsibility", as Popov calls it. For Popov, a people can create a culture - and hence cultural pessimism - only once it has become a nation. All thinkers who do not bend their efforts towards this end, whether or not they believe in it, are culpable. The reality which idealist philosophers, Weimar classicists and romantics alike ignored was political; but no quarter is given to those like Hegel, who wanted a state before they had a nation, who wanted to keep up their state once they had one (Bismarck's), or who, like Burckhardt, dared to oppose both state and culture.

This belated nation could still produce a more serious culture (Popov is not above a little chauvinism) than the English, who had always had a nation, but were too busy cultivating their gardens to notice their inferiority until recently. As for the French: they are always been such snobs that even super-

which was not even presented to Maximilian, but to his feckless cousin Sigismund? Altogether about one-fifth of this short book is padded out with such summary tables and translated documents, including seven pages devoted to the Emperor's itinerary.

Where the biography scores is on life at court, the misfortunes of Maximilian's illnesses, Bianca's portraits. The Emperor at play is his more credible figure than the Emperor at work. This may be in part because his latest biographer, aschew, any narrative of diplomacy or of relations with the estates of the Holy Roman Empire or the Habsburg territories. It is not a substitute to discuss one diet, one example of territorial politics. The four massive volumes of Wiesflecker and other German biographies convey a clearer impression that war and diplomacy were the very life-blood of the Emperor, as of so many of his contemporaries. Dr Benecke does, however, summarize the important concept of "the house of Austria", which the Habsburgs developed during the fourteenth century after 1430 to give

greater coherence to their scattered and partitioned patrimonial inheritance and their ramshackle elective Empire. At various points he illuminates the Emperor from hitherto neglected angles. Until supplemented for the more essential features of the reign by a fuller biography in English, this one will be a lively first course for anyone interested in the Emperor Charles V's many-faceted personality.

Year Book XXVII of the Leo Baeck Institute, edited by Arnold Paucker (512pp. Secker and Warburg. £12.0436 25540 5), is a second volume devoted principally to the German-Jewish community from the Wilhelmshafen era to the Third Reich. It contains eight essays arranged under the sections: "Jewish Minority", "Zionists", "Jewish Students", "Jewish Thought and Learning", "Jews in Literature and Film" and "Letters and Memorabilia", with a long bibliography. "Post-War Publications" of: German Jewry". Among the contributors are Marion A. Kaplan, Marjorie Lamberti, Peter M. Bakwin, Jacob Boss, Moshe Zilmerman, Morris M. Feinstein, Hans Polak, Pamela Vermees and Robert

Illuminating the Emperor

Henry Cohn

GERHARD BENECKE

Maximilian I (1459-1519): An analytical biography
215pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul.
£12.50.
0 7100 9123 4

Gerhard Benecke sets out an enterprising way to portray the Emperor Maximilian not just as the conventional last of the knights, but as the first modern bureaucrat. He also approaches his subject by way of a "herb-biography": and asks what it was like to live under Maximilian's rule, twice quoting with approval Dilthey's statement that "the individual is only the crossing point for the cultural systems and organizations into which his existence is woven". Neither approach is an unqualified success.

A major difficulty for the historian of early modern government is to distinguish between what was decided by the ruler and what was done on the

initiative of his bureaucrats. Benecke shows from the archives that Maximilian spent many hours on paperwork, but admits that, increasingly during the reign, documents he had not seen were signed and sealed in his name. If indeed, as this book plausibly claims, his financial management and the bargains struck with the Fugger bankers over the exploitation of valuable mining resources were better than usually thought, the responsibility is more likely to have rested with the financial officials than their master. The whole question of whether Maximilian's administrative edicts were influenced by Burgundian examples or previous experience in the Tyrol and other German lands is bypassed. Many of Maximilian's legislative measures were not fully implemented and had to be re-edicted by Ferdinand I in the Austrian lands.

Benecke breaks new ground in attempting to establish the standard of living among different social classes. Certainly heavy taxation to pay for numerous wars bore heavily on the subjects who, from the end of the fifteenth century, showed great

reluctance to pay their seigneurial dues. Nevertheless, against the received view that peasants and townsmen were well off at this time, one cannot accept, as conclusive evidence, to the contrary statistics drawn almost exclusively from the records of Vienna's charity hospital in the 1520s and 1530s, after Maximilian's death, when the prices of basic necessities were pushed up by poor harvests and the threat from the Turks. Sources for the Austrian shippers are back on those for the archbishopric of Salzburg. Only for the royal court do we have the facts flow in abundance. The case is well made out that court servants were cushioned by handouts of food, clothing, shelter and pensions against the extreme poverty which could afflict others who fell on hard times.

Elsewhere, by contrast, the evidence is laboured to make points that might seem obvious. To prove that fluctuating climatic conditions affected crops, animals and humans, it is hardly necessary to tabulate them over five pages. Does the proof that people were influenced by prognostication, and astrology really require a language translation of an astrological treatise?

Among this week's contributors

FRANCES CADRINROSS is the editor of *The Guardian's* women's page.

SEBASTIAN CARTER is at present writing *The Book Becomes: an account of William Morris's Cupid and Psyche* project.

HENRY COHN is the author of *The Government of the Rhine Palatinate in the Fifteenth Century*, 1965.

RICHARD COTTRELL is Associate Director of the Stratford Festival, Canada.

JOHN CRUCKSHANK's most recent book is *Variations on Catastrophe: Some French Responses to the Great War*, 1982.

MASOLINO D'AMICO is Professor of English at the University of Rome.

VIVIAN ELLIS has written and composed for the theatre for over fifty years; a revival of his *Mr Cinders* is now at the Fortune Theatre, London.

INGA-STINA EWBANK is Professor of English at Bedford College, London. Her translation of Ibsen's *Johannes Vermeer* was performed by the National Theatre Company in 1976.

GEORGE G. FIELD's *Evangelists of Race: The Germanic Vision of Houston Stewart Chamberlain* was published in 1981.

SIMON GRAY's plays include *Butley*, 1971, and *Otherwise Engaged*, 1975.

JOHN GRIOU's books include *Nancy Astor: Portrait of the Pioneer*, 1980.

JULIE HANKEY's theatre-historical edition of *Richard III* was published in 1981.

ROYDEN HARRISON is the author of *Before the Socialists*, 1965.

R. V. HOLDSWORTH's *Ben Jonson's Epitaph* was published in 1979.

JOHN HOPE MASON's books include *The Indispensable Rousseau*, 1979.

JENNIFER HORNBY is the author of *Action*, 1980.

TED HUGHES's new collection of poems, *River*, will be published next week.

T. W. HUTCHISON's *The Philosophy and Politics of Economics* was published in 1981.

KEITH JEFFERY is a lecturer at the Ulster Polytechnic. He is co-author of *States of Emergency: British Governments and Strike-breaking since 1919*, 1983.

MICHAEL KUSTOW is Commissioning Editor of Arts for Channel 4 Television. From 1975 to 1980 he was an Associate Director of the National Theatre.

ADAM MARS-JONES's *Lantern Lecture* was published in 1981.

ANDREW MOTTON's most recent collection of poems is *Secret Narratives*, 1983.

KITTY MOSKOVSKY's translation of Flaubert's *The Temptation of Saint Anthony* was published in 1980.

MICHAEL O'NEILL is a lecturer in English at the University of Durham, and a co-editor of *Poetry Durham*.

D. D. RAPHAEL's most recent books are *Justice and Liberty*, 1980, and *Moral Philosophy*, 1981.

PAT ROGERS is completing a biography of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

SIR STEVEN RUNCIMAN's most recent book is *Mitra*, 1980.

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